

Bertrand Russell on Direct Action

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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DEMOCRACY AND DIRECT ACTION	<i>Bertrand Russell</i>	445
SEA-HOARDINGS. <i>Verse</i>	<i>Cale Young Rice</i>	448
FACTUALIST VERSUS IMPRESSIONIST	<i>Wilson Follett</i>	449
PAUL CARUS	<i>William Ellery Leonard</i>	452
THE IMPENDING REVOLUTION IN ITALY	<i>Flavio Venanzi</i>	455
THE MONTAGU-CHELMSFORD REFORM PROPOSALS	<i>Sailendra nath Ghose</i>	457
THE PASSING OF CLASSICISM	<i>Richard Ofner</i>	460
THE ARMY AND THE LAW	<i>Charles Recht</i>	461
MARY IN WONDERLAND	<i>Robert Morss Lovett</i>	463
LONDON, APRIL 10	<i>Robert Dell</i>	465
EDITORIALS		467
COMMUNICATIONS: Withdraw from Russia.—Military Training as Education.—The German Indemnity.		470
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS: Civilization.—The Power of Dante.—The Early Years of the Saturday Club.—The Salmagundi Club.—Government and the War.—The Valley of Vision.—The Valley of Vision.—Domus Doloris.—The Gilded Man.		472
CURRENT NEWS		478

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THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

Democracy and Direct Action

THE BATTLE for political democracy has been won: white men everywhere are to live under the regime of parliamentary government. Russia, which for the present is trying a new form of constitution, will probably be led by internal or external pressure to adopt the system favored by the Western powers.

But even before this contest was decided a new one was seen to be beginning. The form of government in the United States, Britain, and France is a capitalistic or plutocratic democracy: the democracy which exists in the political sphere finds no counterpart in the economic world. The struggle for economic democracy seems likely to dominate politics for many years to come. The Russian government, which cares nothing for the forms of political democracy, stands for a very extreme form of economic democracy. A strong and apparently growing party in Germany has similar aims. Of opinion in France I know nothing, but in this country the workers who desire to obtain control of industries subject to state ownership, though not sufficiently strong numerically to have much influence on the personnel of Parliament, are nevertheless able through organization in key industries to exert a powerful pressure on the government and to cause fear of industrial upheavals to become widespread throughout the middle and upper classes. We have thus the spectacle of opposition between a new democratically-elected Parliament and the sections of the nation which consider themselves the most democratic. In such circumstances many friends of democracy become bewildered and grow perplexed as to the aims they ought to pursue or the party with which they ought to sympathize.

The time was when the idea of parliamentary government inspired enthusiasm, but that time is past. Already before the war legislation had come to be more and more determined by contests between interests outside the legislature, bringing pressure to bear directly upon the government. This tendency has been much accelerated. The view which prevails in the ranks of organized labor—and not only there—is that Parliament exists merely to give effect to the decision of the government, while those decisions themselves, so far from representing any

settled policy, embody nothing but the momentary balance of forces and the compromise most likely to secure temporary peace. The weapon of labor in these contests is no longer the vote, but the threat of a strike—"direct action." It was the leaders of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* during the twenty years preceding the war who first developed this theory of the best tactics for labor. But it is experience rather than theory that has led to its widespread adoption—the experience largely of the untrustworthiness of parliamentary Socialist leaders and of the reactionary social forces to which they are exposed.

To the traditional doctrine of democracy there is something repugnant in this whole method. Put crudely and nakedly the position is this: the organized workers in a key industry can inflict so much hardship upon the community by a strike that the community is willing to yield to their demands things which it would never yield except under the threat of force. This may be represented as the substitution of the private force of a minority in place of law as embodying the will of the majority. On this basis a very formidable indictment of direct action can be built up.

There is no denying that direct action involves grave dangers, and if abused may theoretically lead to very bad results. In this country, when (in 1917) organized labor wished to send delegates to Stockholm, the Seamen's and Firemen's Union prevented them from doing so, with the enthusiastic approval of the capitalist press. Such interferences of minorities with the freedom of action of majorities are possible; it is also possible for majorities to interfere with the legitimate freedom of minorities. Like all use of force, whether inside or outside the law, direct action makes tyranny possible. And if one were anxious to draw a gloomy picture of terrors ahead one might prophesy that certain well-organized vital industries—say the Triple Alliance of Miners, Railwaymen, and Transport Workers—would learn to combine, not only against the employers, but against the community as a whole. We shall be told that this will happen unless a firm stand is made now. We shall be told that, if it

does happen, the indignant public will have, sooner or later, to devote itself to the organization of blacklegs, in spite of the danger of civil disturbance and industrial chaos that such a course would involve. No doubt such dangers would be real if it could be assumed that organized labor is wholly destitute of common sense and public spirit. But such an assumption could never be made except to flatter the fears of property-owners. Let us leave nightmares on one side and come to the consideration of the good and harm that are actually likely to result in practice from the increasing resort to direct action as a means of influencing government.

Many people speak and write as though the beginning and end of democracy were the rule of the majority. This, for example, is the view of Professor Hearnshaw in his recent book *Democracy at the Cross-Ways*. But this is far too mechanical a view. It leaves out of account two questions of great importance, namely: (1) What should be the group of which the majority is to prevail? (2) What are the matters with which the majority has a right to interfere? Right answers to these questions are essential if nominal democracy is not to develop into a new and more stable form of tyranny, for minorities and subordinate groups have the right to live, and must not be internally subject to the malice of hostile masses.

The first question is familiar in one form, namely that of nationality. It is recognized as contrary to the theory of democracy to combine into one state a big nation and a small one, when the small nation desires to be independent. To allow votes to the citizens of the small nation is no remedy, since they can always be outvoted by the citizens of the large nation. The popularly elected legislature, if it is to be genuinely democratic, must represent one nation; or, if more are to be represented, it must be by a federal arrangement which safeguards the smaller units. A legislature should exist for defined purposes, and should cover a larger or smaller area according to the nature of those purposes. At this moment, when an attempt is being made to create a League of Nations for certain objects, this point does not need emphasizing.

But it is not only geographical units, such as nations, that have a right, according to the true theory of democracy, to autonomy for certain purposes. Just the same principle applies to any group which has important internal concerns that affect the members of the group enormously more than they affect outsiders. The coal trade, for example, might legitimately say: "What concerns the community is the quantity and price of the coal that we supply. But our conditions and hours of work, the technical methods of our production, and the share

of the produce that we choose to allow to the land-owners and capitalists who at present own and manage the collieries, all these are internal concerns of the coal trade, in which the general public has no right to interfere. For these purposes we demand an internal parliament, in which those who are interested as owners and capitalists may have one vote each, but no more." If such a demand were put forward it would be as impossible to resist on democratic grounds as the demand for autonomy on the part of a small nation. Yet it is perfectly clear that the coal trade could not induce the community to agree to such a proposal, especially where it infringes the "rights of property," unless it were sufficiently well organized to be able to do grave injury to the community in the event of its proposal's being rejected—just as no small nation except Norway, so far as my memory serves me, has ever obtained independence from a large one to which it was subject, except by war or the threat of war.

The fact is that democracies, as soon as they are well established, are just as jealous of power as other forms of government. It is therefore necessary, if subordinate groups are to obtain their rights, that they shall have some means of bringing pressure to bear upon the government. The Benthamite theory, upon which democracy is still defended by some doctrinaires, was that each voter would look after his own interest, and in the resultant each man's interest would receive its proportionate share of attention. But human nature is neither so rational nor so self-centered as Bentham imagined. In practice it is easier, by arousing hatred and jealousies, to induce men to vote against the interests of others than to persuade them to vote for their own interests. In the recent General Election in this country very few electors remembered their own interests at all. They voted for the man who showed the loudest zeal for hanging the Kaiser, not because they imagined they would be richer if he were hanged but as an expression of disinterested hatred. This is one of the reasons why autonomy is important: in order that, as far as possible, no group shall have its internal concerns determined for it by those who hate it. And this result is not secured by the mere *form* of democracy; it can only be secured by careful devolution of special powers to special groups, so as to secure, as far as possible, that legislation shall be inspired by the self-interest of those concerned, not by the hostility of those not concerned.

This brings us to the second of the two questions mentioned above—a question which is, in fact, closely bound up with the first. Our second question was: What are the matters with which the democracy has a right to interfere? It is now generally

recognized that religion, for example, is a question with which no government should interfere. If a Mahometan comes to live in England we do not think it right to force him to profess Christianity. This is a comparatively recent change; three centuries ago, no state recognized the right of the individual to choose his own religion. (Some other personal rights have been longer recognized: a man may choose his own wife, though in Christian countries he must not choose more than one.) When it ceased to be illegal to hold that the earth goes round the sun, it was not made illegal to believe that the sun goes round the earth. In such matters it has been found, with intense surprise, that personal liberty does not entail anarchy. Even the sternest supporters of the rule of the majority would not hold that the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to turn Buddhist if Parliament ordered him to do so. And Parliament does not, as a rule, issue orders of this kind, largely because it is known that the resistance would be formidable and that it would have support in public opinion.

In theory, the formula as to legitimate interferences is simple. A democracy has a right to interfere with those of the affairs of a group which intimately concern people outside the group, but not with those which have comparatively slight effects outside the group. In practice, this formula may sometimes be difficult to apply, but often its application is clear. If, for example, the Welsh wish to have their elementary education conducted in Welsh, that is a matter which concerns them so much more intimately than anyone else that there can be no good reason why the rest of the United Kingdom should interfere. Thus the theory of democracy demands a good deal more than the mere mechanical supremacy of the majority. It demands: (1) division of the community into more or less autonomous groups; (2) delimitation of the powers of the autonomous groups by determining which of their concerns are so much more important to themselves than to others that others had better have no say in them. Direct action may, in most cases, be judged by these tests. In an ideal democracy industries or groups of industries would be self-governing as regards almost everything except the price and quantity of their product, and their self-government would be democratic. Measures which they would then be able to adopt autonomously they are now justified in extorting from the government by direct action. At present the extreme limit of imaginable official concession is a conference in which the men and the employers are represented equally, but this is very far from democracy, since the men are much more numerous than the employers. This application of majority-rule is abhor-

rent to those who invoke majority-rule against direct-actionists; yet it is absolutely in accordance with the principles of democracy. It must at best be a long and difficult process to procure formal self-government for industries. Meanwhile they have the same right that belongs to oppressed national groups, the right of securing the substance of autonomy by making it difficult and painful to go against their wishes in matters primarily concerning themselves. So long as they confine themselves to such matters, their action is justified by the strictest principles of theoretical democracy, and those who decry it have been led by prejudice to mistake the empty form of democracy for its substance.

Certain practical limitations, however, are important to remember. In the first place, it is unwise for a section to set out to extort concessions from the government by force, if in the long run public opinion will be on the side of the government. For a government backed by public opinion will be able, in a prolonged struggle, to defeat any subordinate section. In the second place, it is important to render every struggle of this kind, when it does occur, a means of educating the public opinion by making facts known which would otherwise remain more or less hidden. In a large community most people know very little about the affairs of other groups than their own. The only way in which a group can get its concerns widely known is by affording "copy" for the newspapers, and by showing itself sufficiently strong and determined to command respect. When these conditions are fulfilled, even if it is force that is brought to bear upon the government, it is persuasion that is brought to bear upon the community. And in the long run no victory is secure unless it rests upon persuasion, and employs force at most as a means to persuasion.

The mention of the press and its effect on public opinion suggests a direction in which direct action has sometimes been advocated, namely to counteract the capitalist bias of almost all great newspapers. One can imagine compositors refusing to set up some statement about trade-union action which they know to be directly contrary to the truth. Or they might insist on setting up side by side a statement of the case from the trade-union standpoint. Such a weapon, if it were used sparingly and judiciously, might do much to counteract the influence of the newspapers in misleading public opinion. So long as the capitalist system persists, most newspapers are bound to be capitalist ventures and to present "facts," in the main, in the way that suits capitalist interests. A strong case can be made out for the use of direct action to counteract this tendency. But it is obvious that very grave dangers would attend such a practice if it became common. A

ensorship of the press by trade unionists would, in the long run, be just as harmful as any other censorship. It is improbable, however, that the method could be carried to such extremes, since if it were, a special set of blackleg compositors would be trained up, and no others would gain admission to the offices of capitalist newspapers. In this case, as in others, the dangers supposed to belong to the method of direct action are largely illusory, owing to the natural limitations of its effectiveness.

Direct action may be employed: (1) for amelioration of trade conditions within the present economic system; (2) for economic reconstruction, including the partial or complete abolition of the capitalist system; (3) for political ends, such as altering the form of government, extension of the suffrage, or amnesty for political prisoners. Of these three no one nowadays would deny the legitimacy of the first, except in exceptional circumstances. The third, except for purposes of establishing democracy where it does not yet exist, seems a dubious expedient if democracy, in spite of its faults, is recognized as the best practicable form of government; but in

certain cases, for example where there has been infringement of some important right such as free speech, it may be justifiable. The second of the above uses of the strike, for the fundamental change of the economic system, has been made familiar by the French Syndicalists. It seems fairly certain that, for a considerable time to come, the main struggle in Europe will be between capitalism and some form of Socialism, and it is highly probable that in this struggle the strike will play a great part. To introduce democracy into industry by any other method would be very difficult. And the principle of group autonomy justifies this method so long as the rest of the community opposes self-government for industries which desire it. Direct action has its dangers, but so has every vigorous form of activity. And in our recent realization of the importance of law we must not forget that the greatest of all dangers to a civilization is to become stereotyped and stagnant. From this danger, at least, industrial unrest is likely to save us.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Sea-Hoardings

My heart is open again and the sea flows in;
It shall fill with a summer of mists and winds and clouds and waves breaking,
Of gull-wings over the green tide, of the surf's drenching din,
Of sudden horizon-sails that come and vanish, phantom-thin,
Of arching sapphire skies, deep and unaching.

I shall lie on the rocks just over the weeds that drape
The clear sea-pools, where birth and death in the sunny ooze are teeming.
Where the crab in quest of booty sidles about a surly shape,
Where the snail creeps and the muscle sleeps with wary valves agape;
Where life is too grotesque to be but seeming.

And the swallow shall weave my dreams with threads of flight,
A shuttle with silver breast across the warp of the waves gliding;
And an isle far out shall be a beam in the loom of my delight,
And the pattern of every dream shall be a rapture bathed in light—
Its evanescence a beauty most abiding.

And the sunsets shall give sadness all its due;
They shall stain the sands and trouble the tides with all the ache of sorrow.
They shall bleed and die with a beauty of meaning old yet ever new;
They shall burn with all the hunger for things that hearts have failed to do,
They shall whisper of a gold that none can borrow.

And the stars shall come and build a bridge of fire
For the moon to cross the shoreless sky, with never a fear of sinking.
They shall teach me of the magic things of life never to tire,
And how to renew, when it is low, the lamp of my desire—
And how to hope, in the darkest depths of thinking.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

Factualist Versus Impressionist

IN A CERTAIN prodigious year of beginnings and endings, now unspeakably remote, the novel readers of this country might have discovered themselves to be the richer by a simple romance called *The Lay Anthony*. No great multitude appears to have performed the exploit. By a recent calculation of Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, the author of that romance—who seems to have a modest impression that his first book was not, perhaps, the signal event of 1914—the copy now open at the title-page on this desk is one solid nine-hundredth of all that were sold. Beside it there lies, in this the month of its appearance, a copy of *Java Head* (Knopf) inscribed: "First and second printings before publication. Published January, 1919." Moreover, the conservative novel reader who prefers to take his pleasure from between covers—seemingly he still exists—was not vouchsafed a glimpse of this particular delight until the tale, serialized in a weekly of circulation so staggering that the actual figures sound like those of a war "drive" by some organization of immense prestige, had unfolded itself to eyes countable only in hundreds of thousands of pairs.

It is a screaming contrast, that here denoted. If one has the cynicism of experience, the first effect of such a contrast is to set one hunting for clues in the author himself. There must have gone on in him, one figures, some process analogous to that which went on in Mr. Robert Chambers between *The King in Yellow* and, say, *The Danger Mark*—some conscious or unconscious adulteration of the genuine with the spurious. The author of *The Lay Anthony*, like the hero thereof, was good and, duly, lonesome: it is simple to conclude, then, that the author of *Java Head*, to whom crowds flock and profits accrue, must have turned meretrix.

Well, cynicism hunts in vain. *Java Head* is in the same straight line with *The Lay Anthony*, and it is the line of an almost prohibitively austere ideal pursued with inflexible fidelity. Search as you will the two volumes which delimit his career thus far, you find no increase in the recognized marks of that commercially potent thing, popularity. You find, if anything, a decrease: it is the austerity that increases. For the austerity of *The Lay Anthony* is merely that of the remote ideal proposed, sought, clutched at, honestly missed, perhaps despaired of for the moment; whereas the austerity of *Java Head* is that of the same elusive ideal attained, captured, crystallized in a lovely form of words. It is almost enough to provoke a

speculation that the multitude must have changed overnight—graduated from its mere occasional willingness to receive a grain of wheat along with bushels of chaff, and joined the cults and the coteries in their preference for that which is nothing if not "art." Preposterous, of course, yet a more nearly tenable theory than that Mr. Hergesheimer has by intention or accident sought the multitude where it is customarily at home.

It is not my wish to represent *The Lay Anthony* as in itself a masterpiece, or even a strikingly eminent piece of fiction. But it is promissory of masterpieces, and in kind if not in degree it claims kinship with the most eminent work its author has done. (This is a judgment which can derive its sanction only from some general view of what Mr. Hergesheimer is about. Even for the reader who has not yet discovered this author, or who, having blundered upon him, is not aware of having scaled any very notable peak in Darien, I can give the argument significance and scope by saying that what Hergesheimer is about is precisely what the art of fiction itself has been about during the thirty years past, whenever its manifestations have been most arresting and distinguished. However sweeping his claims to blissful ignorance about the technicalities of his art, it is clear that he has read the right things very understandingly, and kept himself sensitive to currents and eddies in the air round him. He is of the moderns; and without any elaborate and self-conscious repudiations of the past—without, for instance, having to go through the process of audibly despising the Victorians just because he is quite unlike them—he avails himself, in a quite natural and urbane and effortless way, of the most important structural and tonal changes that have made fiction a finer art now than it ever was.)

What are the chief of these changes? All of them, I think, can be grouped under the spacious word "impressionism." The difference between the more and the less distinguished in present fiction is the difference between impressionistic realism and factualistic realism. A factual realist is a narrator who adopts life itself as his selective principle and, on the assumption that whatever is is artistic, determines the material of his tale solely by its accord with what actually does, or easily could, happen. But the impressionistic realist chooses his material in accordance with the inherent need of his subject to be developed in a particular way, and while remaining faithful to the general

laws of how things occur in human nature, and perhaps even to the specific details of how they occur in human civilization, he regulates the shape and size and color of his product by requirements which exist rather in his theme than outside it. The difference in result is like that between a parasitic vine which follows slavishly the contour of whatever happens to support it, and a bud which follows simply an inner compulsion to unfold into a particular kind of flower, and must be either that flower or nothing. To make the long story short, it is the difference between Mr. Howells and Henry James; between J. D. Beresford or Gilbert Cannan and Mr. Galsworthy; between Arnold Bennett and Conrad. It is also the difference between Alice Brown or Zona Gale or Rupert Hughes or Isabel Paterson—conscientious factualists mainly—and Joseph Hergesheimer, impressionist.

There are two chief symptoms of this difference. One of them is the presence or absence of unity in the point of view, either throughout the whole or throughout each chapter. Henry James reached, by 1890, the point where this kind of unity became an indispensable canon of his art; Mr. Galsworthy in nearly all his work, and Conrad in the best of his, have followed him. The other symptom is the presence or absence of absolute singleness or centrality in the whole work—singleness of situation, of purpose, of accent, of impression; such singleness as belongs to the ideal short-story. The first of these developments puts the stress, not on what happens in the story, but on the significance of the happenings to some sympathetic observing consciousness. The second fuses action, character, setting, dialogue, all the physical ingredients of the tale, into the same unity of effect which Poe demanded in ballad or lyric, and which even pundits now clamor for in the short tale. The short tale has had that singleness for fifty years; what is significant is that, in the last twenty-five, the novel has discovered that it cannot live up to its privileges without exactly the same totality. Years ago Henry James wrote, in *The Sacred Fount*, a parable of this necessity, in the form of a crucial instance of the war between factualism and impressionism—that is to say, between raw "life" and fictional composition. Criticism is still so far behind that, to this day, there does not exist in print an intelligible analysis of *The Sacred Fount*, one of the great documents of esthetic theory. Henry James began, obviously, as an externalist, a factualist, saturating himself with life; he came out an impressionist, saturating himself with nothing but the sense of his theme. Even Meredith approached, less understandingly, the same consummation: he

wrote *Feverel* under the influence of Dickens, but he wrote *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* under the same Zeitgeist that wrought *The Spoils of Poynton* and *The Red Badge of Courage* and *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* and *Heart of Darkness*. The critics, some of them, seem still not to know which way the wind blows—but a few artists know, and the author of *Java Head* is clearly one of them.

The title-page of *Java Head* quotes: "It is only the path of pure simplicity which guards and preserves the spirit." The direct literal application of the proverb is presumably to the moral life of Taou Yuen, the wondrous Manchu lady whom Gerrit Ammidon, a hot-tempered individualist, marries and brings into the staid New England Salem of the days when Mr. Polk was President and clippers were brand new in the China trade. Taou Yuen, by uttermost simplicity of spirit, finds her way unerringly—her way to beauty and to the preservation of her own exquisite serenity—first through all the deviousness of social Salem, against the background of the Ammidons' commercial greatness and general prestige; then through the complications of an astounding intrigue of which she becomes, innocently, the center. Clinging faithfully in her bewilderment to the few simple ideals of conduct which scores of generations have bred into her blood as well as her mind, maintaining to the end the poise of her own fatalistic philosophy, she gives a sense of living exclusively with fundamentals and essentials, in the midst of a society preoccupied with trivial externals. It is she, the alien, who lives at the center of the life she has entered, working her way with a patient simplicity to the core of its realities, while the others, the indigenes—even Gerrit the individualist and rebel—live, by comparison, unreally and at the fringe of things, making motions they hardly know the sense of. They exist, as it were, from hand to mouth, letting the effect achieved in one moment supply the conduct of the next, exactly like a realistic novel; whereas Taou Yuen is living, at every moment, as for eternity. This is why the fine gesture with which she chooses death, being the ultimate affirmation of her pure serenity and disregard of complicating non-essentials, has in itself immortal loveliness. The death of any other character would be incompleteness, unfulfillment, because the others are living in a more or less straight line, and a line can be cut off. But her life is always complete from moment to moment: she is living in a sphere, and a sphere is always as round as it can be.

Now the Chinese proverb about simplicity exactly expresses Hergesheimer's ideal for his own art; and Taou Yuen is the natural symbol of the

goal toward which his writing has progressed since he began to publish it. Taou Yuen is a simple impressionist forced into a society of complicated factualists, and emerging from it without impairment to the inner principle of her being. Hergesheimer's career thus far shows a similar contention of elements and a similar culmination—the logical completion of a natural bent toward impressionism.

One evidence that his art has indeed found the path of pure simplicity is his present instinct to interpret into his earlier work an impressionistic unity which is not completely there, through simple inability to tolerate the thought that he was ever actuated by any impulse except the only one now possible to him. He summarizes the theme of *The Lay Anthony* (1914) as "a boy's purity—in a world where that quality is a cause for excruciating jest;" and that of *Mountain Blood* (1915) as "the failure of an aged man to repair a spiritual wrong with gold." *The Lay Anthony* is indeed a winning and faithful likeness of youth as it is, with its queer fits and starts of quixotism, the tremors of its response to beauty, its oscillation between a fantastic idealism and a still more fantastic practicality. The physical purity of Anthony Ball is preserved by a combination of forces; sheer accident wearing at times the aspect of sheer fate, and also something boyish, inhibiting, and virginal in himself. But through the theme, because it was imperfectly grasped as an idea which should have engendered the details making up its own atmosphere, there stick the most oddly irrelevant and jarring minutiae—baseball, chewing gum, differentials, fashions in collars, thirty-one dollars and seventy cents—put in, not because they are true to the theme, but because they are locally and temporally true, because the author knows them, because the artist distrusts the creator in himself and leans on the copyist. In *Mountain Blood*, a story of a primitive community in the West Virginia mountains, this tyranny of actuality over imagination is carried to a point which means the practical extinction of the theme. *Mountain Blood* is a rousing story; it would even make a tremendous motion picture without complete annihilation of its identity; but it is certainly not, in any consistent artistic sense, the focused story of "an aged man's failure to repair a spiritual wrong with gold," and for that reason it remains, of all Hergesheimer's work, least Hergesheimerian. There is one more lapse into factualism, that of *The Dark Fleece* (one of the three tales in *Gold and Iron*, 1918), in which Mr. Hergesheimer is lured into a startling breach of his point of view by the pursuit of a theme which seems always to have had a peculiar

fascination for him—the nature and effects of religious fanaticism.

These are, I think, the only serious aberrations. In *The Three Black Pennys* (1917) he binds together into fundamental unity the parts of a story as disjointed, from the merely factualist point of view, as a story could be, with three protagonists in three quite separate generations. He is able to accomplish this because his real protagonist is not a person at all, but a recrudescing family trait and its modifications over a century and a half. It is for the sake of that trait, a sort of creative individualism and rebellion which crops out at intervals in the Penny family, against its wonted background of sober rectitude, that the whole spectacle is conjured into existence, an impressive documentation of the social and economic history of America. *Wild Oranges*, the first tale of *Gold and Iron*, is a piece of atmosphere entirely appropriate to a writer who had once gone out of his way to make a character remark that *Heart of Darkness* is "the most beautiful story of our time;" *Tubal Cain*, the second story of the volume, is unified by a trait of character, an *idée fixe*, as *Wild Oranges* is by its atmosphere; and there is an exquisite felicity in the title which brackets the three stories together into an idea. And now—*Java Head*, a thing so consummate of its kind as almost to make one tremble for the author of it, in the wonder how he can either excel it or endure failure to excel it. Here at last is the matchless integrity once glimpsed and missed by ever so little in *The Lay Anthony*, almost lost sight of in *Mountain Blood*, recovered in the spirit but obscured by the amorphous body of *The Three Black Pennys*. In *Java Head* the spirit creates the body after its kind. There is both singleness of esthetic effect and singleness of concrete situation. The ten chapters, each from the point of view of one of the chief personae, succeed one another like a string of delicately tinted pearls clasped round the neck of Taou Yuen in her strange situation; and for her exist too the machinery and the scholarship, the re-created Salem of old days, the harbor and its decaying jetties, the ships under clouds of white canvas making the heart lift, the three generations of Ammidons, the great house named to symbolize the "happy end of an arduous voyage," the loves and the gossipings, all the vistaed loveliness of things native and exotic.

There, in creation of loveliness, is the goal of this writer's endeavor. There too is the lesson for criticism to interpret to his contemporary tellers of tales, cisatlantic and other. For the novel in general, as for this one artist, the path of pure simplicity, that leads from factualism to impressionism, is the path to beauty.

WILSON FOLLETT.

Paul Carus

IT IS WHEN halfway on the Road, as our friends begin in such solemn procession to quit our ken, that death brings with it a new bewilderment besides its primitive power to shock the feelings. It brings now a tragic cunning to awaken the thoughts. In taking the friend away, it first shows us with a grave high challenge the friend, detached and whole, who was before to us but half-regarded fragments among infinite other fragments. So it is that by middle life not a little of our thinking goes into the organized effort to appraise individual character and influence; and the effort, though not unworthy as effort, is as result (we all know) a grievous confusion—for life cannot comprehend life, even when isolated and clarified by death. This elemental truth has been particularly brought home to me of late by the passing of Paul Carus. For he was a man so greatly and diversely alive, with so many interests, activities, contacts symbolizing and illustrating so many issues. But I can at least refuse to complicate the moment by attempting to appraise him for others; let me set down these few paragraphs, as if simply to help myself.

I think, inevitably, first of his big, rugged humanity, so well squaring with his philosophy but so gloriously untainted by that unctious serviceability of those who practice humanity as a deduction from their philosophy. Profoundly absorbed as he was in his own enterprises as publisher, thinker, and father in a large household, he had the zest and the strength for so many little kindnesses here and there by the way that of themselves they would alone constitute good works enough to fulfill and justify any life of three score and ten lacking three. Not that he could not dislike with the same zest. I have a list of his pet aversions: certain pompous orators, tricky business men, smug politicians, verbose philosophers—the shams and the exploiters. But they served only his abounding sense of humor and the bearded volubility of his table talk; there was not one of them he could have done a mean turn even if he had summoned to the ungracious task all the formidable domination of his unshorn, massive head and his stocky physique. A fighter, but always in the open and on the square, indifferent to self, if only the truth of the object prevail. And what might the object be? Literally, anything. For him any thing was some thing: on consciously conceived principle, a some-thing because it was a hint, a manifestation of one or another of those universal laws that made the monistic world he so valiantly preached; but more immediately, a some-thing because, merely, of his inveterate instinct

to look into and round about. His acquisitions were enormous; in an age of a thousand specialties he seemed to take, like Bacon, all knowledge for his province. In the course of one morning at La Salle he piloted me through his father-in-law's fuming zinc factory, traversed Kant, Alfred the Great, Empedocles, and Gummere's ballad theories on the way to the composing rooms, and then with whimsical mirth analyzed the character of a huge printer in his establishment who got drunk and wanted to divorce a wizened wife for cruel and abusive treatment. All was grist to his mill, grist and not chaff or grit, and the mill seldom clogged but continued to grind out a definite brand. Some smaller mill-owners, resenting this, said he showed a lack of sense for relative values. He showed the same "lack" in taking up with incongruous people. In turning over the pages of *The Monist*, *The Open Court*, or his numerous books, besides vigorous correspondence with such distinguished and ill-assorted friends as Ernst Haeckel, Tolstoy, and Père Hyacinthe, one comes upon equally whole-hearted discussions with up-state clergymen in Michigan or small-town doctors in Illinois—subscribers doubtless. But I know it was not editorial courtesy that prompted him to take their thinking seriously. He took any thinking, or honest attempt at thinking, seriously—because he was too habitually close to the great problems, and all men's great shortcomings in dealing with the great problems, to be much impressed with the differences between such superficialities as fame and obscurity; and really *living* his mission to seek and to bring light into the world, he found none who asked or challenged too humble to arouse his interest. In this, as in so much besides, he often reminded me of my old teacher William James, whose broad-gauge personality was cherished by this broad-gauge dogmatist quite as warmly as his pluralistic philosophy was repelled. His ceaseless vitality could not be exhausted in looking into and thinking about, even in talking about. It discharged itself also in making: he had Veblen's two primary instincts, the instinct of craftsmanship no less than that of curiosity. He expanded the *Open Court Publishing Co.* till it has become veritably an "institution" (*vide* the *Evening Post*, New York, September 26, 1914), with distinct aims and methods and with contacts all over the world. The bibliographical summary of his writings to 1909 is itself a book of 213 pages (*Philosophy As a Science*). Once when two weeks on his back in the hospital he wrote a verse-drama on Buddha, not perhaps important as

verse or drama, but still two weeks of giving shape to big thought instead of setting eyes to blank walls. Nothing but death could keep his untiring spirit still.

Paul Carus' name suggests many morals on my walks in the spring lanes out of town. A graduate of Tübingen in 1876, he found his intellectual opportunity in America, and gave to America the loyal services of a grateful German soul. I thought of Paul Carus once when a fellow Anglo-American assured me that every German-American, had he stayed where he belonged, would still be plodding about in wooden shoes. A man of independent means (largely I believe through his association with that sturdy founder of the zinc factory and the Open Court, Mr. Hegeler, himself a German-American and a rare character with a romantic history), he found in money solely instruments of liberation, liberation for his own intellectual growth, and liberation for leadership and public service in essentially uncommercial enterprises. He was not your rich man who writes out a check for a drinking-fountain, a monument, a whole library or university, and then goes down to the Stock Exchange to make good the sacrifice. He didn't even spend his money for illuminated manuscripts and incunabula. A philosopher by profession, but not a professor of philosophy, he had relatively little professional recognition in Academia, though he was sometimes a lecturer before clubs and classes. Professor Otto here at Wisconsin tells me of picking him up by chance in the corridor (the Carus boys were at our college) five minutes before the hour and getting him to talk to his students on Kant—in a luminous and well-ordered exposition without notes or other hitches. But most teachers, I suspect, would have begrudged him the hour. It wasn't jealousy, for most professors are, in the security of their ivy citadels, without jealousy—except perhaps toward their fellows inside the works. It wasn't any superficiality in his philosophy—at least not if they stopped to examine it—for though, as to theory of knowledge, as to the concepts of energy and stuff, he may be inadequate, and though his whole system may be founded on a repugnant technique, or dialectic, his best thinking (as in *God, an Inquiry and a Solution*, or *Kant's Prolegomena*) has the unmistakable note of the philosopher as distinct both from author of a philosophic monograph and from the philosophaster of the middle-class readers' magazines. The neglect seems to have been due to a number of things, instructive for the quizzical moralizer. In the first place, it illustrates the delimited hospitality of any established cult. Carus was not in any university catalogue. He hadn't the password. And he didn't

obey the rules, he didn't play the game. His English vocabulary, among other things, was too untechnical and his English sentences too clear—and a German, too! And he associated with so many intellectual fools and parvenus! Besides, he didn't look natural. He couldn't be classified in any department. He meddled with the affairs of so many "departments." Even inside the sacred walls a man who meddles with more than one "department" is doomed as a suspect. Again, his prodigious output was in fact a disconcerting farrago. If one is as alert, many-faceted, and fluent as Carus, he shouldn't have the use of a personally owned and controlled printing press always at his elbow. He never took time to write a magnum opus, and was short on footnotes. Writing for general enlightenment, he frequently merely popularized (sometimes too in rather slap-stick fashion) facts already familiar enough to the better informed. He would intermingle, with naive indifference to ex-cathedral dignity and scholastic reputation, familiar commonplaces of higher thought amid valuable, original analysis of such abstruse affairs as Kant's inconsistent threefold meaning of "experience" and Aristotle's inconsistent fourfold meaning of "cause." Moreover he sometimes made palpable blunders of fact or ventured on erratic guesses of theory. But, all in all, such a capital stock of brains, if properly invested, would yield enormous returns of academic prestige in any one of a half-dozen departments, if not in a whole college. And finally there was the paradoxical character of his relations to modern thought and the vast scope of the synthesis he attempted. Of this a word more.

An active champion of evolution in nature, man, and man's institutions from the days when the fight was first on, he still held as firmly as Aristotle or the Schoolmen to eternal norms of truth, and was as impatient of agnosticism as was Huxley's bishop. Indeed agnosticism, to him "the egg-shell of metaphysicism" was, with mysticism, one of the few typical isms of human speculative endeavor he could not, or would not, subsume under one or another of his principles of reconciliation. There could be no such thing as agnosticism any longer. Science is registering law after law; the laws are the inter-related forms of one universe; and the complex of the forms is "the Allhood." And the result is more, too, than positivism. Man can grasp the Allhood because he is himself of the same stock. Man's reasoning is not a subjective reconstruction by man for man: against Kant he affirms the formal factors of thought to be the formal factors of nature; against Mill he affirms the universality of the principles of pure mathematics and pure logic; against Bergson he affirms the validity of the intel-

lectual, rather than the intuitional approach, precisely because it *does* break phenomena up into the discreet, abstract, formal; against James he affirms that reason creates the specific activities of the will, far more than the will creates the activities of belief and reason; against the pragmatists generally, that life does not make truth but truth life, reaffirming with the Stoics the injunction to follow nature (that is, to learn the norms and work with them) and holding with Platonism against Nietzsche that morality is conformity to an Eternal, not a psychological twist in a temporal flux. Withal, he seems an old-fashioned rationalist in an age that has changed all that. Of the two types of explanation, that which stresses the principle of being and that which stresses the principle of becoming—the Eleatic and the Heraclitic, recurring in later times as Absolute Idealism or Creative Evolution (and combined in *The World as Will and Idea*)—he seems to have closer affiliations with the former. But his own pages are dedicated to bringing “all that” down to date. The universal rational norms are the very condition of this recently discovered evolution that is supposed to have dethroned rationalism forever. As “the immanent world-order of uniformities which naturally lead all creatures to develop toward rationality,” they reveal a rational meaning in evolution as *progress*: progress is not merely relative, an adjustment between organism and environment; it is not, either, in any increased differentiation of functions and organs; it is measurable strictly in terms of approach toward that intelligence which “mirrors the norms”—toward the powers, culminating in man, to achieve truth (which is reason), and to act upon it (which is morality), and to love and reverence it (which is religion). And so he combines old and new, orthodoxy and heterodoxy, science and religion, and calls the result Nomothetism (Greek: *nomos*, law). The laws of science—that is, the immanent world-order—have an intrinsic teleology; determinism is still freedom where the determinant is the actor's own character; the *logos*—that is, the norm—becomes flesh ever and anew; we live and move and have our being in God—that is, we are all that we are by virtue of the cosmic laws in which we share. We are personalities, souls, but Buddha (to whom Carus dedicated some of his best study in books now translated into many tongues, west and east, and used in the temple-schools of Japan and Ceylon) Buddha was right, as modern psychology is beginning to realize: our souls are but *samskaras*, soul-forms (for example, seeing, hearing, thinking) with no *atman*, no metaphysical entity, behind; and salvation, with Carus as with Buddha, means getting rid of the illusion of self; and immortality is,

as with Buddha, the Karma, the infinite and subtle influences of our character as men and minds, and Dr. Carus (so runs his credo) lives still, for better or for worse, in this little essay and in the consciousness of those who read it (even as I too live in it); God is not personal but super-personal, nor the All of Pantheism but the Allhood of Lao-tze as expounded in Dr. Carus' own translations from the Chinese (for Carus' capital-stock included, among other things, a Professorship of Oriental Linguistics.) There is no *Umwertung aller Werte*: mythology, religion, philosophy are evolution, are progress, and, as it were, a progress in understanding and making ideographs, alphabets, metaphors, symbols. Christ is true, but so is Apollo—there is no last oracle. And Christianity was “the fulfillment” proclaimed by the Apostle, the result of antecedent historical and spiritual forces, as strikingly presented in his scholarly but popular little book called *The Pleroma*; and he advised more than one troubled cleric, whom the times had made shaky in the faith, to stick to his job. Dr. Carus belongs in the Protestant manner, as Cardinal Mercier (today so famous for preserving the heroic of thought in the heroic of action) belongs in the Catholic manner, to the modernists of science who are the mediators of tradition.

This hospitality to all points of view, this resolution of factual opposites and logical antinomies—was it a good or not? I don't know. It doubtless helped to stabilize himself and many others in an age of spiritual shake-ups and change. It doubtless serves as an impressive reminder of the organic continuity of history, its institutions and creeds. But as a dialectic method it may tend to obscurantism, however far from the obscurantism of Hegel. Certain things *are* different, if only because, as James used to say, they make a difference; and they should be named differently. Dr. Carus may live on in my thought; but I shall never see Dr. Carus again—because Dr. Carus has gone to his long sleep and I shall soon be going to mine, and there are no hands across the seas of death. The immortality of the Buddhist's “Karma” and the immortality of the Christian's “personality” are two different immortalities; and though the latter might not exclude the former, the former has no meaning for the latter. So too of Dr. Carus' “God.” The monist Haeckel, incorrigible atheist, wrote him, “We mean the same thing.” And Carus was never able to make it clear to me that Haeckel was not right—intellectually. The term is possibly justified only when we meditate certain human factors outside logical analysis; and these factors are at the root of the good (or the evil) in the use of many old words for new views. The

symbol "God," born of a deep racial instinct of wonder and aspiration and dependence on the order of nature, and rendered trebly sacred by the long human history so intertwined with it, saves for us an attitude, an emotion, an imaginative moment, that the logically correct "norms of existence" can never have; and Carus' attitude of reverence and love and dedication to the logos may be truer to the sources and the ends of man's life than the defiantly "scientific" attitude we associate, rightly or wrongly, with the author of *The Riddle of the Universe*. Paul Carus, like so many men of his generation, suffered the spiritual tragedy of a household faith in ruins; and the waves swept him far out to sea. But he was a young and vigorous swimmer, and wrestled in the dark. He found shore in a new faith of science, far from all old doorways. But the old

emotional attitude, the old imaginative moment had not altered. So it came, I think, that he felt with a peculiar poignancy and depth, not amenable even to his own versatile argument and not communicable in any speech, the religious quality of what is logically speaking, a system of impersonal laws, infinite in time and space and achieving self-consciousness (as far as we know) only through one moment of eternity on one small planet of one of millions of suns in the life of that creature whose destiny it is to transmute cosmic process into cosmic reason—a destiny to which Paul Carus himself so nobly bore witness, and to which the masters of the earth today, not only in Paris, seem so tragically, so ominously, indifferent.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

The Impending Revolution in Italy

AT THE SUDDEN and unexpected breaking out of the European war in 1914 Italy was just passing through a very hard and critical period of unrest, as a consequence of the victorious but difficult struggle in Tripoli against Turkey. The Italian proletariat has never approved and was never willing to start any colonial enterprise, on account of its own backward social conditions. The colonial wars always left Italy crushed under a burden of heavy taxation. The working classes, spurred and upheld by their sense of solidarity and of their own common interests, warned the government of the danger that its policy was precipitating upon the whole nation, sending it in the direction of new ruins and disasters.

But even the young kingdom of Italy had in itself and had fomented in others the imperialistic desires that are common to kingdoms. It had visions of a larger country and new lands to exploit. From the point of view of the new and audacious financial and industrial classes of northern Italy this policy might have been excusable, but central and southern Italy are poor and industrially, agriculturally, and financially undeveloped. Besides this, the taxation system of Italy is a most unjust one, both in its system and in its administration. The average per capita rate of contribution to the budget of the government is greater in central and southern Italy than in the more prosperous north. This want of equilibrium in the system of taxation inevitably results in a similarly unbalanced ratio of benefits from the government.

Italy is absolutely dependent upon outside countries. Its resources—grain, cotton, coal, and iron—

are needed for the industries of the country itself. Yet before its entry into the great war Italy imported more than a billion of francs more value than its exports amounted to. It was on the market, a customer of Germany, England, France, Austria-Hungary, and of the United States, and if these nations ever closed their market Italy would be strangled in a very short time. Therefore, because of its geographical position, its financial and industrial needs, and further because of its political and traditional ties of sympathy with England, Italy entered the war, "bargaining" for the best of her "sacro egoismo." The beginning of this war found Italy already at the point of exhaustion as a result of the Tripoli war, which cost over a billion lire. The working classes were absolutely opposed to any further war venture and they went into the fight grudgingly, their hearts filled with resentment. The protests of the Socialist party were unheard. Violence, corruption, exceptional laws conquered every opposition. Italy had to fight.

Italy, the country that had for years opposed any real program of reform in favor of the working people, using as her excuse the meagerness of her treasury, now threw millions and millions of dollars into a war to realize her dreams of revenge and territorial aggrandizement. During four years Italy has suffered as no other country. She destroyed the best of her human stock, she destroyed her forests, her farms, abandoned all her public works, especially in the south, and stripped of everything of value her already miserable peasants who, more than any other class, gave to the war their blood and their resources. The public debt which

was fifteen billions of lire before the war is to-day seventy-five billions of lire. Three-fourths of the national wealth, which is estimated at one hundred billions of lire, is mortgaged. The interest alone on her debt, at the rate of four per cent, will cost Italy three billions of lire annually. Let us take statistics from the official records of the country in normal times, just preceding the war.

Year	Revenues (lire)	Expenditures (lire)	Surplus (lire)	Deficit (lire)
1909-10	2,237,260,000	2,204,960,000	32,300,000	
1910-11	2,403,390,000	2,391,820,000	11,570,000	
1911-12	2,475,350,000	2,587,180,000		111,830,000
1912-13	2,528,870,000	2,786,370,000		257,500,000
1913-14	2,523,750,000	2,687,660,000		163,910,000

The question which arises spontaneously on the lips of every person of common sense who reads these figures is: How can Italy pay the interest on her debts? (Many of them are contracted with foreign countries.)

Here is a nation in an absolutely unique situation, not to be compared with that of any other country in the world. Italy has no gold, no raw material, no superabundant capital, no great world-famed captains of industry. Her only wealth is a thrifty, intelligent, and productive peasantry, and of this wealth she has an abundant store, with a great reservoir of natural strength and ability, which will play a great part in the building of a new society. Italy's central government has been for the past half century, with few exceptions, formed of men entirely unfit for any public office. They are usually appointed from or chosen by groups of parliamentary camarillas who represent petty bourgeois provincial interests. Never in this time has there been a man of large vision who could see or outline a consistent Italian policy, a democratic policy. The Parliament has been an obedient and manageable instrument in the hands of the Conservative party, and it is lately in the hands of the Free Masons. The kings of Italy swung from reaction to a hypocritical ostentation of democracy. The actual ruler, very shortsightedly forgetting the teachings of past history and events, assumed for himself the right to throw Italy into the war.

So in ignoring the Socialist Party, the Confederazione del Lavoro, and the Unione Sindacale Italiana—the government, the statesmen, the king, the parties, pushed Italy over the brink of an abyss, forgetting everything but the war, neither understanding nor trying to understand the real feelings and conditions of the working classes. Even the proposed and hotly discussed great reform of "The Land to the Peasants" can no longer seduce the working classes. They know too well that this reform does not abolish the private rights of property but changes only its management, leaving to the

proprietor the right of living off the land. Nor can the returning soldiers be omitted from the equation. At the front they heard of useless sacrifices of their comrades, due to faults and mistakes of their commandants. When they return they find themselves, and their families and villages in desperate plight, helpless, penniless, hungry, suffering. They wander like ghosts, cursing the responsible "Signori" who wanted the dreadful war. The situation in southern Italy is terrible, no less. Here the peasants depend mostly upon the products of agriculture. Right here one strikes the first spirit of revolt. The peasants' psychology is very simple, direct, clear, and because of its very simplicity is in a position to interpret and understand society and the relation of the peasant to "higher authority." They have been told for years that the defeat of the "ancient enemy" would bring freedom and prosperity to the poorer classes. They have, ordinarily, no interest in political matters. But as soon as they perceive that they have been duped, used, deceived by false promises, they go back in their minds and memories to other disastrous adventures—the Abyssinian War, Tripoli—and they realize that it is but the same tragic story in a new cloak.

And they need but to realize this to become spontaneously and immediately revolutionists. They see men who a few years ago were without a span of land and who today are rich. How? Why? All their own sufferings, like the clouds before a storm, gather in their exasperated brains, and it is but a step from that point to open violence. In 1894 during the bloody revolts of Sicily the peasant vented his hatred upon the little stations of the municipal import duty, thinking that these were the culprits who were to blame for all his unendurable misery. He cannot be so deceived again. Now he experiences all the different stages of moral, mental, and physical crises—war, death, disease, hunger, grief, privations—and his heart burns for justice, for human sympathy, for solidarity.

And the industrial worker of northern and central Italy shares the resentment of his brother in the south. What matters it that he has made money out of the war, because of the higher wages, when there has been no food in the markets for himself and his family? And in addition the proletarians of the large cities have found during the war that there are organizations for their benefit, class organizations, the Socialist party, and he has learned to trust them. Here is the kernel of the matter. It cannot be denied that the labor organizations and the Socialist party are the only hope of the Italian workers. No other party or faction or group from the Conservatives to the Republicans, from the Catholics to the Democrats, has the confidence and

support of the working masses. The Socialist party, with its uncompromising attitude, composed of men fearless, honest, combative, every moment in close touch with the workingmen, has the key of the whole situation.

A few weeks ago in Milan, the greatest industrial center of Italy, at a meeting of thousands of workers organized to protest against the holding of political prisoners and to demand the evacuation of Italian troops from Russia, a Socialist representative defined the situation sharply and clearly, amidst thunders of applause from the crowds. "The Italian bourgeoisie is bankrupt. The state which represents it is bankrupt. It matters not that bankruptcy has not been declared. It exists. Every public service in the state is disorganized. Unemployment is growing. There is nothing to meet and face the needs of the people. The state and the bourgeoisie have no solution." (Voice: "It is true. We need revolution.") "Even if Italy has won a military victory by sacrificing a half-million

of its workers, it has been defeated economically. Our problem now is to feed the people, and the bourgeoisie cannot feed them. Only if the revolution in Russia, in Germany, in Austria succeeds will it be possible to obtain food from the East."

Such is the plain expression of the men who will be in the saddle of the new Italy tomorrow. No other remedy can be successful. The giving to Italy of all she demands from the Peace Conference will not change by a hair's breadth the swing of the pendulum of her fate. A country of many revolutionary traditions, in the most precarious social unrest, party strife; a mass of people held under the most brutal iron heel of military discipline for the past four years; with revolutionary parties who unceasingly speak, write, organize, and incite the workers and the peasants to solidarity, Italy is at a crucial hour of a great revolution. No magician has yet arisen to avert the social deluge.

FLAVIO VENANZI.

The Montagu-Chelmsford Reform Proposals

AS IN EVERY OTHER COUNTRY, so in India economic factors play a predominant part in the political situation. Any constitutional reform proposal to be of any practical value to the people should solve economic grievances in a way satisfactory to them with an eye to their real interests, and not to the interests of a few special or "kept" classes.

To understand the effect which the new Montagu-Chelmsford Reform Report, if adopted, will have upon the Indian masses, it is necessary to study the economic side of the proposal. The extent to which the proposed reforms embodied in this scheme will benefit India's millions is really the extent of its value. Throughout the whole of this record, admirable for its bulk, its excellent English, and its cleverness, there are few provisions for solving the economic needs of India—needs which are vital to the peace and tranquillity of the people and the country. The document abounds in changes; but they are merely political changes, with checks and counter-checks, limitations and provisos, and the authors seem entirely lacking in ability to discern and understand the real economic problems of the people, the solution of which is more necessary than the increase of a carefully chosen electorate, or similar purely political institutions. Where the report touches, or can be construed to touch, the economic problem, it is found that the whole function of the proposed reform is to safeguard a few special interests. Or, to quote directly from the report, "to

protect capital, credit, and indeed property, without discrimination."

India is at present an agricultural country. It possesses a phenomenally fertile soil. It has an area of about 1,820,000 square miles, or about two-thirds that of the United States. Still almost two-thirds of its population are supported directly by agriculture and the subordinate industry of cattle raising. If the number indirectly supported by these industries be included, the proportion dependent upon them would rise to nine-tenths. In the United States the proportion dependent upon agriculture, directly and indirectly, is only three-tenths of the entire population. In other words, because of scientific methods, modern implements, and a broader education, an American farmer does the work of six Indian *ryots* (farmers).

One would naturally expect that any reform conceived for India would be executed on behalf of this vast peasant class. Yet nowhere in the new reform scheme is there mention of any change which might improve its conditions. Under the proposed reforms, Indians—natives of the land, owners of the soil of India—are granted more voice in the legislative bodies. If the representatives of the people, sitting in legislative bodies, attempt to solve problems arising out of their own domestic affairs in a manner which may make India more of an industrial and less of an agricultural country—a procedure which would be for India's benefit—or if

they should attempt innovations which might be embarrassing to the supreme authority of the British Government, the Governor-General in Council is given the power to intervene and to veto such a move, on the plea that it "threatens the stability of the country." Article V of the Summary of Recommendations, which follows, will be the strong veto weapon in the hands of the Governor-General:

The Government of India [is] to preserve indisputable authority adjudged by it to be essential in the discharge of its responsibilities for peace, order, and good government.

The following quotation, also taken from the report, further gives the attitude of the supreme authority in the land toward the people subject to it:

And while we do everything that we can to encourage Indians to settle their own problems for themselves, we [the Governor-General in Council] must retain power to restrain them from seeking to do so in a way that would threaten to destroy the stability of the country. . . . He, [the *ryot*], must not be exposed to the risk of oppression by people who are stronger and cleverer than he is, and until it is clear that his interests can safely be left in his own hands, or that the legislative council represents and considers his interests, we must retain power to protect him.

Or, in other words, the authors of the scheme believe, or seem to believe that, unlike the representatives of any self-governing country, the representative of the people of India are incapable of looking after the interests of the Indian peasants, while they, the British, are above criticism in this respect. The quotation further infers that the Indian representatives do not represent the *ryot* or consider their interests. Yet this would not be true if the franchise were granted to other than selected groups whose representatives are incapable, as are the British themselves, of considering the interests of any save themselves. It is a clever political reform which says: "You do not represent the people, and we refuse to give you the power to do so. But we have the power and we are, therefore, capable of this benevolent duty."

But just what sort of interest in the peasant class the alien rulers possess may readily be inferred from a study of the economic policy of British rule in India, as well as from the recommendations embodied in Chapters 344, 345, and 346, which concern themselves with special classes and interests. The economic policy which obtains in India has reduced the country to the status of "a hewer of wood and drawer of water," an expression used by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the ex-Secretary of State. All Indian industries and handicrafts have been ruined by restrictive and repressive measures, both political and economical; industrial backwardness has always been fostered and encouraged in the interests of

British manufacturers; the countervailing excise duty on locally manufactured cotton goods, and the maintenance of a Stores Department at the India Office in London, are eloquent symbols of the exploiting economic policy of the administrators who now profess to hold so close to their hearts the welfare of the Indian *ryot*.

Though . . . the standard of living among the peasant class has improved perceptibly of late years, *there is still no great margin of taxable capacity.* [Italics mine.]

This sentence from the report again exposes the kind of concern in the peasant held by the governing class. The governing class has but one interest, and that is to levy taxes. Witness the confession that the *ryot* is today taxed to his fullest possible capacity. This in itself is sufficient condemnation of an administration which has brought such unspeakable poverty. Yet the authors of the reform scheme are searching for new sources of revenue of taxation. While thus searching they have turned their eyes to industrial development, which is the prime source of revenue in modern, self-governing countries.

Practically every well-poised, up-to-date country in the world has a fiscal policy which, in one way or the other, fosters home industries through protective tariffs, dumpings, and subsidies. Even the self-governing colonies of the British Empire enjoy this privilege to the full extent. Only in India is the fiscal policy designed to suppress (Indian) industries and handicrafts, and hamper the development of natural resources—all in the interests of English capitalists and manufacturers. India's fiscal policy is dictated from Westminster by a few of the "kept" classes; they are not even the Indian "kept" class.

The authors of the present scheme have come forward with a policy for industrial development. But even in this they are not as altruistic as may appear on the face of the proposal.

Both on economic and military grounds, Imperial interests also demand that the natural resources of India should be better utilized. We cannot measure the access of strength which an industrialized India will bring to the power of the Empire. . . . The war has thrown a strong light on the military importance of economic development. We know that the possibility of sea communications being temporarily interrupted, forces us to rely on India, as an ordnance base for protective operations for eastern theatres of war.

Herein lies the true reason for the avowed "forward policy": India is strategically needed for a military and ordnance base for operations in the East. As nowadays the products of an industrially developed community coincide so nearly "in kind, though not in quantity, with the catalogue of munitions of war," so the authors of the scheme are concerned with an industrialized India—not for the interests

of India however, but as an asset of strength "to the Empire for Imperial interests." The great international importance of India is thus revealed: in the past converted into a producer of raw material for a special purpose; in the future, converted into an industrialized country, not for its own development, but to be used as a base for an Eastern theater of war. And a war for whom and for what? Perhaps the world will be told that it is to save India from subjugation by a foreign power!

Will India be allowed to have measures of protective tariffs for the development and protection of its own industries? Not according to the report if, by so doing, India jeopardizes the interests of British manufacturers. It must not be allowed "to penalize imported articles without respect of origin"—meaning, of course, those of British origin. To safeguard this phase of tariff regulations—in other words, to safeguard British manufactured articles—the Governor-General in Council retains absolute veto power over tariff measures passed by the representatives of India in their Legislative Council. For political expediency and military necessity the Government will act as guide in the development of natural resources, but these must be subjected to the interests of the British Empire. India's development is to be, not for her own advancement, protection, and gain, but only so far as is needed for the interests of the Empire for "strengthening India's connection with the Empire." India exists for the interests of the Empire and must serve as needed and directed, and not in her own way!

The reform proposals also give the Governor-General in Council absolute veto power over measures passed by the Legislative Council, which might be looked upon with disfavor by certain special interests, such as the European community, the Christian missions, the Eurasian community, each of which belongs to what Thorstein Veblen, in a recent issue of *THE DIAL*, has styled "kept classes," and the class of "vested interests." The authors of the scheme seem to be particularly anxious to safeguard the interests of the non-official European community. In main, this class is engaged in commercial enterprises, but it also includes Christian missions, whose dignitaries, unlike those of other religious denominations, are supported by Indian taxpayers from Indian revenues. The non-official European community also includes European pensioners living in the "cooler parts of the country."

It is the British commercial interests that drain the country of the wealth which ought to be retained. But again, lest India's representatives raise a voice in their Legislature against this unjust drain, the Governor-General in Council retains the absolute power to keep this drain a-flowing. The report states:

It is our duty to reserve to the Government the power to protect any industry from prejudicial attack or privileged competition.

Here, again, India will be allowed to develop her industries only in a way such as will safeguard "vested interests." These "vested interests" must be protected from prejudicial attack or privileged competition. All the power and force of the alien administration is there to look after the good behavior of India's representatives. The missionaries and the Eurasian community have long been indirectly, if not directly, encouraged by the theory of absolutism to inculcate in the illiterate masses ideas of their inferiority. The authors of the present scheme, therefore, are determined to protect the interests of these communities against "impositions" by the representatives of India which might jeopardize their privileged positions. Imperialism in India, as well as in every other country outside of Japan, assumes as its first tenet the superiority of white rulers, and every precaution is taken in the new reform scheme to perpetuate this theory. Any action taken by India's representatives to challenge this assumption will face the supreme veto power of the Governor-General.

Taken as a whole, the Montagu-Chelmsford Report is almost entirely political in scope; but even then it has not met the very moderate political demands of the Indian National Congress and the All India Muslim League. It has been forced by the growth of the separatist movement in India. This latter movement owes its origin as much to economic injustice, economic inequalities, and economic exploitation as to political injustice. India's grievances have been accumulating for a century; they have given birth to the separatist movement. The reform proposal hopes to solve these problems; yet every safeguard is used to maintain the status quo in the policy of economic exploitation.

Political concessions without economic reform will count for little in India. The economic situation is the root cause of political difficulties, and economic grievances create political grievances. Unless these problems are solved in time, in the right way, a political and social upheaval may be the result. But reforms offered should not be half-hearted, suspicious adventures, the purpose of which is to emasculate opposition without meeting the demands of India and solving the root cause of agitation.

India presents this reform bill in entirety to the world and wishes to know if this is what is meant by the expressions "self-determination" and "undictated self-development" of nations.

SAILENDRA NATH GHOSE.

The Passing of Classicism

IN THE REPUBLIC of letters a book ought to have good reason for existing—it would simplify life incalculably for all readers, and make the lives of uninspired writers much less irksome. And yet Mr. Cox unreasonably insists that it is the obvious that is ever being forgotten or denied, and therefore the obvious that needs constant reassertion. Such a claim sums up the merciless *raison-d'être* of a book *Concerning Painting*, (Scribner) no less indifferent for having been carefully written. It is accordingly a clarification rather than a contribution, a sheaf of occasional and consecutive papers on the history of painting, originally addressed to an immature public of students, and amateurs. Guarded as its pretensions are, it is neither free from pedantry nor complacency. In fact our author sails down the dim centuries, past what he calls "the golden age," into the placid shallows of American painting, altogether like a vessel of sweetness and light, distributing his gifts generously, but seldom illuminating the darkness.

Yet it would be ungracious not to add that Mr. Cox came to his subject with special qualifications. If not a constructive thinker, he was sane and circumspect, unlikely to slip up on external details, while he kept safe and warm within him the inviolable principles of his solemn esthetic. He was one of the few artistic practitioners who had mature convictions about painting. He was one of a very small number of writers upon art in whom an easy and innocent public reposed its ultimate remnant of faith, because he was at the same time a craftsman.

But—and it is here that the obvious pleads for reassertion—the activities of art and criticism are profoundly antinomian and disparate, and each must forever remain prejudicial to the other. A prudent Providence has given the painter freedom of all the fruits of his boundless paradise but denied him that of the knowledge of what is good and what is bad. For the concern of the artist is chiefly with an operation, that of the critic with a result—that of the one with the mechanics of externalization, that of the other with the consummation. What the artist creates by a vital act of imaginative synthesis the critic reconstructs by imaginative sympathy. His function involves a greater variety of faculties, and the ideal critic is accordingly put together of high susceptibilities, range and freedom of the imagination, and a clear gift for self-analysis. He is "protean" and expansive. He is also learned and discerning. His delicate business is to interpret a work of art through infinitely fluid, responsive emotions.

But the adventure as well as the history of the painter is intensive, individual, and constraining. His style evolves by a process of involution; by reciprocal confinement and consolidation of the creative materials; by bringing the pictorial idea, the pictorial symbol, and the pictorial performance into close cooperation. The more nearly complete this inner alliance, the more individual the creative elements, the more intense their activity, the more deeply determined his taste. It will, consequently, bias his judgment. For in the episode of stylistic formation the painter drifts into orthodoxies of his own, with private ritual and private dread of heresy. The objects of his idolatry may even be predicted. He may be counted on to look for his own reflection in the works of others, and his chest will swell with pious exaltation before works that betray similar procedure or aims kindred to his own.

The insulation of taste and of standards is the result partly of defensory measures the conscientious individual must take against the quantitative ideal of modern civilization. In the day when the average mind was of a more imaginative order and each separate communal world rejoiced in common intellectual and spiritual possessions, as in the Italian Renaissance for example, the individual was shaped by the total growth of culture and society; and the painter's taste, with its roots in the genius of his people and his time, was indeed typical and authoritative. But in this age, and in our country most of all, the creative activities encounter great difficulties. In the dearth of acknowledged norms, of early standardized training, with an unkindly or indifferent or insensible world spinning round him, the artist avows no higher authority than his own, and his taste must contract until it becomes personal and eccentric.

With Mr. Cox taste had settled into something like fastidiousness, received the vesture of a formula and the glorification of a canon. Being what is vulgarly called a "classicist," his canon would have been the canon of correctness. And as he followed it in his painting, he could not have failed to apply it to the painting of others. It is as easy to guess that our egregious author found the embodiment of his "canonized" ideal in the academic genius of Leonardo, Raphael, Rubens, and a group of painters more nearly of our own time, who like himself have covered beautiful wall-spaces with ineffably tiresome decorations.

As his position was essentially uncritical, so his method was shallow, traditional, and dogmatic. In

a philosophic exordium Mr. Cox set himself to abstract from the history of art—and what he was pleased to decide are its eras of greatest progress—its eternal characteristics, and he was persuaded that from its first appearance painting has been an art of representation. No theory could—both for its tradition and its plausibility—be more flattering. It has all the sanctions of logic. Does not our whole system of imagery derive from the objects of natural life? They constitute the iconography of the mind and become, by necessity, the notation in which painting realizes itself. Only be it remembered that ever since the days of Cubism much of painting has dispensed with natural forms, a matter which Mr. Cox noted in his argument but chose to ignore in his conclusions. This is not treating history ingenuously. For the contemporary movements are no less a parcel of evolution than those that have gone before. But Mr. Cox thought more of rolling up a high score by careful dialectic than by sympathetic reading of artistic evolution.

Having, as he thought, satisfied the historic and inductive part of his discussion, he proceeded to formulate the ethics of art—from a knowledge of what painting is, it is only one logical step to what it should be, and Mr. Cox surpassed himself when he told us with staggering composure that what is historically true (according to his lights) must be esthetically right. The viciousness of this view is only too obvious. As well might our standards of

conduct be deduced from the conduct of men in the past. Standards of judgment in art, like the standards of right and wrong in ethics, must ultimately derive from the individuality of the object or the circumstance. Each work of art carries within it its own law, its own standard, its own esthetic, exactly as each is the product of different internal and external conditions.

His original assumption once established, that art is measurable by unchanging rule, he found it easy to pass to the elementary fallacy that art like science has knowable and calculable characters; and he spoke with amusing innocence of "progress in art" as if art, like the sciences, advanced by a sort of cumulative growth of artistic excellence. But such a view would drag us to the preposterous conclusion that the art of Titian is greater than that of Giotto, that of Ingres greater than that of Raphael, and Mr. Cox's by inevitable inference, the greatest of them all.

And even were that so, his reputation as a painter should have as little to do with the value of his critical pronouncements as the marvelous constructions of a mole, let us say, with the value of his opinions on architecture. But it is neither by his art nor by his criticism that Mr. Cox will be remembered, but as an angel of dead perfections, who has bravely set his face against the intolerable beauty of many things in art that are strange or violent or merely beautiful.

RICHARD OFFNER.

The Army and The Law

ON JANUARY 3 George T. Page, President of the American Bar Association, brought up the subject of court-martials before the body, and a resolution was adopted condemning the entire judiciary process of the Army as "unworthy of law and justice." A bill known as Senate Bill No. S15320 was introduced by Senator Chamberlain on January 13, 1919, asking for the revision of the war acts relating to the administration of military justice. As the result of disclosures and insistent demands by friends of the conscientious objectors confined in the Camp Funston Guard House, two officers were dismissed from the service for the responsibility they bore for the brutal treatment accorded to the imprisoned conscientious objectors. The New York World, in its issue of January 19, 1919, under the title *A Thing Called Military Justice*, relates the story of men ordered to be shot in France, the sentence being mainly based on induced confessions of the men themselves. The charge was sleeping while on sentinel post and the record disclosed such irregular-

ties that the sentences were rescinded by the Secretary of War and the men liberated.

Both in the army and the navy men were entrusted with the administration of military justice and penalization, with little regard for their mental equipment or qualifications for these important positions. Officiousness, stupidity, brutality prevailed side by side with the apparent humaneness and fairness of the Secretary of War and his immediate associates. Outside the army, men who were loudest in their denunciation of the Prussian theory of "military necessity" excused these irregularities because—maxim of benighted medieval pirates—inter arma lex silet. Of specific instances of injustice there is hardly an end. No account seems to have been taken by the officers of the fact that the drafted men were sons of freemen unaccustomed to the iron-clad arbitrary discipline of the life into which they were suddenly cast. The conscripts, taken from their families, were expected to imbibe the spirit of unquestioning obedience over night. The offenses for

which severe punishments were administered were entirely out of proportion to the penalties. It cannot be said that the system was "for the good of the service." The experience of France and England proves the contrary. The punishment in the American cantonments was administered with Puritan solemnity and the severity disclosed the inexperience of the amateur penologists. The officers were evidently impressed with the fact that they were *a principio* soldiers and incidentally human beings. A man in the guard house was like one who had stained the hem of the cloister robe. There was none of the jolliness and wink-of-the-eye camaraderie of Tommy Atkins while in the guard house:

But I've had my fun of the Corp'ral's Guard;
I've made the cinders fly,
And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink
And blackening the Corporal's eye.

A plausible explanation may well be that there is a Freudian reason for the severity which officers of court-martials exercised on men claiming to be conscientious objectors. Men who voted for and elected a President because he had "kept them out of war" were required to become staunchest martinets almost within a fortnight. But most of the severity was due to inexperience. An artist doing police kitchen work "bossed" by a non-commissioned bootblack and court-martialed by a furniture salesman, drug clerk, small-town newspaper man, and the like. Such was this strange world of topsy-turvy.

The military law of the United States preserves its archaic spirit in which our characteristic unpreparedness found us at the beginning of the war. While the Congressional investigation into the sanitary and medical conditions in the camps, made at the very beginning of the war, disclosed culpable laxity and negligence and resulted in immediate reform, no such action was taken in relation to judicature or penal institutions. The entire system was originated by Lieber in the Civil War and in normal times of peace was found to be ample in regulating a comparatively small body of volunteers. With practically no important changes the War Act (Act of 1917) was applied to an army of millions of conscripts. A book, therefore, dealing with the law and the army written by a lawyer should prove a welcome and timely contribution. Unfortunately Mr. Gerrard Glenn's *The Army and the Law* (Columbia University Press), fails in this important task. It is not a criticism, nor is it suggestive of any reforms. It may be argued that the disbanding of our army will make these changes purely academic. That were a wished-for consummation. But many men are still languishing in jail

serving almost lifetime sentences for incommensurate trespasses, some sentences imposed because of the caprice of a newly commissioned smart young officer. Men are still being court-martialed. The entire penal system is a disgrace to the nation. But the author's "avowed purpose," it may be said, is not so broad; he merely sets out to interpret the relation of the army to the common law, and has here no business with the army organization per se. Even in this narrow sphere, Mr. Glenn is merely promulgatory. No mention is made of the numerous invasions made by the army and navy Intelligence Officers into private homes where they seized personal effects and made searches without warrants. The notorious "slacker raid" in New York City and elsewhere, in which the army played such an important part, is avoided. The illegal drafting of aliens, Russians with or without "first papers," the drafting of Austrians and even Germans are not treated. The case of *Angellus vs. Sullivan* is inadequately referred to. No account is given of the debatable proposition of "desertion" by drafted men who fail to report.

The book is a learned legal dissertation citing numerous historic references but totally devoid of suggestions which would displease the army authorities. Its proper repository is the Academy at West Point, which we all hope will some day be turned into a National Museum. Otherwise it will make a valuable addition to the overcrowded library shelves of the law schools, where the students may hurriedly read the title some time. But ours are the days of quick changes. Even the venerable lore of Metternichian diplomacy has been taught that its usefulness as a humanity-serving institution has gone by the board. The democracies of the world will insist that martial law lose the spirit of the middle ages. Blackstone, Hume, Coke, Dicey, and Lieber may be interesting to historians and brief-writers, but books on law and the army should be broad, progressive, and constructive outlines, not merely retrospective dissertations. Within its proper limits the book demonstrates a conscientious purpose and painstaking labor and a well-grounded knowledge of the subject matter with which it deals. Its chosen field is well covered and it is replete with interesting historical incidents. It is to be regretted that the author elected not to view so important a matter as the army and the law from the broader, social, economic, and internationalist viewpoint. His audience must necessarily be limited—and it is an audience which is incapable of appreciation of the labor which goes into the making of the small volume.

CHARLES RECHT.

Mary in Wonderland

MARY ARNOLD was the child of the Victorian family—a large family of grown-ups but only one child. At least the impression which A Writer's Recollections (Harper) gives us is that of a little girl who sits on the knees of innumerable parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, and mature cousins, and asks questions, or plays contentedly by herself on the hearth—a quiet, demure child, serious and attentive, with nice manners and no taste for mischief or disconcerting sense of humor. She must have been a delight to her elders. She took the toys which they handed to her—the higher criticism, the higher education of women, the polite philanthropy of the University Settlement, the improving card games of society, scholarship, arts, and letters. She never wanted a boy's toy, like the vote—and didn't want other little girls to have it either. Oh, she must have been a delight to those elders—so fresh, and bright, and naive, and—Thomas Humphry Ward to the contrary—maidenly. Her Recollections are like a tea-party, a child's tea-party with everybody for half a century invited and accepting, and all there at once, a party like Alice in Wonderland with old Miss Martineau as the Red Queen crying "Off with his head," and Uncle Matthew dangling his gloves like the White Rabbit, and Mark Pattison as the Mad Hatter, complaining that it's always jam tomorrow and never today, and the Master of Balliol perched on the wall like Humpty Dumpty—and little Mary handing round the cakes. Some French gentlemen, M. Taine and M. Renan, are there too, but of these Mary is at first a little shy, for her French is not very good.

There was one terrible figure in the background of the child's thoughts, and in her playroom a dreadful closet which was not to be opened. Her father, Thomas Arnold, son of the leader of the Church of England against the Oxford Malignants, had fallen victim of their arts and become perverted to Roman Catholicism. This fact supplied the element of fear without which no child's game is complete, and the fear was no less real because the author of it possessed such rare and tender charm. As a child in Edgbaston, where her father was master in the Oratory School, she saw the figure of Newman pass in the streets and "shrank from him in a dumb childish resentment as from some one whom I understood to be the author of our family misfortunes." And she never escaped the sense of Newman's mysterious power and subtle charm, the old childish fear lending a kind of fascination to her thought of him. At Oxford, whither her father took her on his

temporary reversion to Anglicanism, she felt the presence of the lost leader, felt it in the intellectual life of the University which was a battle in which Christ Church represented authority and the church, Balliol, liberalism, and Lincoln, science and research; in University politics which were a struggle between Pusey and Liddon on the one hand and Jowett and Pattison on the other. Liddon had succeeded Newman as the pulpit orator of the Tractarians and vividly she recalls the scene of his triumph:

First came the stir of the procession; the long line of Heads of Houses in their scarlet robes as Doctors of Divinity—all but the two heretics, Pattison and Jowett, who walked in plain black and warmed my heart always thereby! And then the Vice Chancellor, with the "pokers," and the preacher. All eyes were fixed on the slender willowy figure, and the dark head touched with silver. A bow to the Vice Chancellor as they parted at the foot of the pulpit stairs, the mounting of the pulpit, the quiet look out over the Church, the Bidding Prayer, the voice—it was all part of an incomparable performance which cannot be paralleled today.

Beside this dignified picture there is a more gracious and winning one. The leader of feminist Oxford was Mrs. Mark Pattison, afterward Lady Dilke. Her lovely apparition on the severe academic scene was a portent which few recognized. To the meeting with her Mrs. Ward gives another vignette, with an indescribable and old world charm:

It was in 1868 or 1869—I think I was seventeen—that I remember my first sight of a college garden lying cool and shaded between gray college walls, and on the grass a figure that held me fascinated—a lady in a green brocade dress, with a belt and chataleine of Russian silver, who was playing croquet, then a novelty in Oxford, and seemed to me as I watched her, a perfect model of grace and vivacity. A man nearly thirty years older than herself, whom I knew to be her husband, was standing near her, and a handful of under-graduates made an amused and admiring court round the lady.

The lady in green brocade playing croquet on the grass—the husband thirty years older—the amused and admiring undergraduates—could anything be more enchantingly of the period?

Mrs. Pattison marked the beginning of feminine influence in Oxford as did Newman the end of monasticism. One can divine the breeze which made the leaves of gossip tremble on the University tree when she wore a tea gown to her Sunday night parties, and smoked a cigarette—as a few years before they had rustled when one of Newman's disciples assumed the eastward position or bowed to God in a Catholic chapel. The coming of George Eliot to Lincoln College as her guest was an event that shook the branches as did the return of Newman in his cardinal's robes to hold high court at Trinity. One can divine too the second intention

which made Mrs. Pattison welcome little Mary Arnold to her salon, though Mary's evangelical protest took the form of a dark frock high about the throat. Perhaps it was this sign that the young girl was in this world but not yet of it that made the George Eliot hold her back as the party was adjourning, to sit in the darkness and tell her of Spain. And one more recollection. The next day as the party were returning from Christ Church meadow they were led by Mr. Creighton, Fellow of Merton, through the gardens of his college.

The chestnuts were all out, one splendor from top to toe; the laburnams; the lilacs; the hawthorns, red and white; the new-mown grass spreading its smooth and silky carpet round the college walls; a May sky overhead and through the trees glimpses of towers and spires, silver gray, in the sparkling summer air. . . . As we turned into the quadrangle of Lincoln—suddenly at one of the upper windows of the Rector's lodgings there appeared the head and shoulders of Mrs. Pattison, as she looked out and beckoned, smiling, to Mrs. Lewes. It was a brilliant apparition, as though a French portrait by Greuze or Perronneau had suddenly slipped into a vacant space in the old college wall. The pale, pretty head, *blond-cendrée*; the delicate, smiling features and white throat; a touch of black, a touch of blue; a white dress; a general eighteenth-century impression as though of powder and patches—Mrs. Lewes perceived it in a flash and I saw her run eagerly to Mr. Lewes and draw his attention to the window and its occupant. . . . If she had lived longer, someday, and somewhere in her books, that vision at the window and that flower-laden garden would have reappeared. I seemed to see her consciously and deliberately committing both to memory.

With all her admiration for Mrs. Pattison it is clear that it was for the Rector that Mary Arnold kept her devotion, cheering him in the absence of his wife, making tea for him in his lonely rooms. Scarcely less intimate and charming was her friendship with Jowett. For them and for Thomas Hill Green, Dean Stanley, Henry Sidgwick and her uncle Matt she kept a girlish yet maternal instinct to cherish and protect from the bitter assaults of the Tractarians. When Bishop Wordsworth attacked her friends in his Bampton lectures she defended them in a pamphlet that the High Church party suppressed on the ground that the printer's name did not appear. Under their inspiration she began to play in earnest. Historical scholarship was the great game at Oxford: history touched by the modern scientific method was its newest phase. People were going about saying that if Newman had only known German the course of the world would have been different. Mary Arnold began to amuse herself with the West-Gothic kings of Spain and then was commissioned to write the Spanish lives for Smith's Dictionary of Christian Biography. Mr. Pattison secured her admission to the great gaming tables of the Bodleian, and there she played for her modest stakes and won. She relates her consternation at finding one day that Johannes Biclarensis

was missing from her stock, and her prompt surmise that some German had done it, working in the same field and about to anticipate her. No, it was the Regius Professor, Bishop Stubbs, the greatest historian in England, who was checking up on her. He approved, and so did young Mr. Creighton. "Tell Mary to go on. There is nobody but Stubbs doing such work in Oxford now," he said.

But Mary had more ambitious plans and a larger game in mind. With her departure from Oxford for London this was inevitable. The West-Gothic kings were well enough so long as one was playing at the feet of Mark Pattison and Bishop Stubbs, but most people wouldn't care much for them. Fiction was the king sport of the century, and already Mary had seen how one great woman played it. Her first novel, *Miss Bretherton*, was a study based on the spectacular success of Mary Anderson in the early eighties, and it brought her much encouragement. "Henry James, Walter Pater, John Morley, Mr. Creighton, Cotter Morrison, Sir Henry Taylor—they are all there." Whatever game Mary wanted to play she found plenty of grown-ups ready to make-believe with her. Henry James indeed went down on his hands and knees and played the critic *Beast* to her *Beauty* for the rest of his life. Looking back she feels a certain surprise at so much complacency, and a certain remorse at having taken such advantage of it. "Are there similar friends nowadays to help the first steps of a writer? Or is there no leisure left in this crowded life of ours?"

Miss Bretherton was a trial trip, short and promising. One can imagine the delighted excitement in the family when it was whispered about that Mary was doing another novel—a real affair of large canvas and long breath, to set before the world the reconciliation of Christianity with science that Uncle Matt had proposed in *Literature and Dogma* and God and the Bible, the new faith that all liberal Oxford believed. This was Robert Elsmere. Into it she put the best material she would ever have—the background, characters, and thought of the Oxford which she knew. She toiled nobly to be worthy of it, and she achieved much. Like George Eliot she found her great problem to incarnate in flesh and blood and in action the themes that her mind provided, but with the help of portraiture and first hand experience she for once solved it. But the glory of Robert Elsmere in its author's recollection of it is its stupefying popular success—the enormous sales in England, the runs on the circulating libraries, the personal encounters between rivals for copies, the stupendous piracy in America, the review by Mr. Gladstone, the applause of Uncle Matt—he read only the first volume before he died, being, one fancies, a slow reader of fiction—all this is like an

eastern tale of a genius out of a bottle, or Alice's wonderful growth after eating her cake.

This story of success was repeated with David Grieve, Marcella, Sir George Tressady, Helbeck of Bannisdale, and Eleanor, and here the Recollections end. Of Lady Rose's Daughter, Fenwick's Career and The Marriage of William Ashe one suspects that Mary knows that the toys are somewhat worn and battered, and certainly the bright red paint of popular triumph has been licked off. The Recollections close with a rather wistful chapter about other writers, Meredith, Hardy, Bennett, Wells, Galsworthy, boys who, except Henry James, apparently would not play with girls. None the less Mrs. Ward records her opinion of them cheerfully and without prejudice—except a little for Wells, who is a journalist (clearly Mary is thinking of a news-

boy) and Lytton Strachey, who stuck out his tongue at her grandfather's portrait. Writing and society were the two games Mary enjoyed. Politics she would have liked to try—the old-fashioned, dignified game that Palmerstone and Disraeli played in her youth when ladies in famous country houses or in Mayfair held the threads of Parliamentary intrigue adroitly wound on their elegant fingers. But in later days the politics of suffrage and labor were too rough, and sex had become too horrid. Then came the war, and we suspect that Mary played that badly. We are thankful that she closes her Recollections twenty years ago—when the charm was still strong of that incomparable play world which was opened to her so freely and in which she stayed so pleasantly and so long.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

London, April 10

EVERYBODY THAT RETURNS from France takes a grave view of the situation there in every respect. The financial problem seems almost insoluble, and M. Klotz's lamentable exhibition at the Chamber of Deputies on March 13 showed that he, at any rate, has no solution. He could only say that the question must be postponed until it was known what could be obtained from Germany. Yet no sane person supposes that any indemnity can be obtained from Germany which will enable the financial burdens of France to be alleviated to any appreciable extent. Justice demands that Belgium and Serbia should have the first claim, and if Germany can be made to compensate them the Allies may think themselves fortunate. As things are it seems quite possible that before very long Germany will no more be in a position to pay an indemnity than Russia is. Perhaps it would have been wiser not to push matters to extremes. As Lord Beauchamp said recently, Lord Lansdowne's initiative in favor of peace is now approved by many more people than at the time when it was taken, and will probably have still more regretful admirers in the near future. People who only six months ago were for victory at any cost are now beginning to think that the cost is perhaps greater than the victory is worth. And M. Clemenceau has declared that the victory is a Pyrrhic one so far as France is concerned. One might reply: "Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin."

For my part, I might derive some personal satisfaction from the fact that I have been denounced for the last three years as a "defeatist," and was finally expelled from France simply for having foretold what is now in fact happening. It seemed to me evident that, whatever the military result of the

war might be, its prolongation could only be ruinous to France. M. Clemenceau now says in effect that I was right. But I can derive no satisfaction from this confirmation of my forebodings. I wish that I had proved to be wrong. Can anybody now doubt that the rejection of the Austrian peace proposals made in March 1917 and of the German peace proposals made in August of the same year was a crime against France and against Europe? I am glad to know that the English Government was not chiefly responsible for it. That responsibility rests on M. Alexandre Ribot and Baron Sonnino.

The lesson has not yet been learned, as the proceedings at the Peace Conference show. Here disgust and disappointment are giving place to indifference in that regard. People are beginning to recognize that it will soon not matter much what the Peace Conference decides, for things will have gone too far for its decisions to have any importance. We see with amazement our representatives discussing such matters as the annexation to France of the Saar Valley or the acquisition of Dalmatian ports by Italy with more than half Europe already in revolution and the rest on the verge of it. M. Auguste Gauvain's severe criticism of the Conference in the *Journal des Débats* of March 17 was not more severe than the Conference deserves. As he said, while the Peace delegates are disputing strips of territory, "general disorganization is increasing in the world with a rapidity which only the blind fail to see." "When," added M. Gauvain, "agreement has at last been reached as to the division of the spoils it will be too late to profit by them: the *tertius gaudens*, that is to say, the anarchist, will have laid hands on everything." And

M. Gauvain warned the delegates that the peoples are indifferent to territorial acquisitions and are thinking only of the restoration of normal life in peace. "The peoples," said M. Gauvain in conclusion, "for whom the men of the chancelleries and the amateur diplomatists speak with superb disdain, will in the end be the masters in spite of all the clauses inscribed in the treaties. If those clauses violate evident rights, all the piles of protocols heaped on the European cauldron will not prevent the lid from being blown off."

Such an article as this in a paper that represents intellectual conservative opinion in France is indeed significant. M. Gauvain's view of the Peace Conference is that very generally taken in England. Only today I was talking about the matter to the manager of a great London bank. He was protesting against the proposal to hold a week's peace celebration in the summer. Most people, he said, saw no sign that there would be much cause for rejoicing. The Peace Conference was discredited and there was little or no public interest in its proceedings. What people wanted was to get back to work and normal life—he used almost exactly the same words as M. Gauvain, of whose article he had not heard—and they would be glad enough if, by summer, a revolution had been averted.

This is certainly a representative opinion. The scheme for a League of Nations produced by the Paris Conference is generally regarded as a fiasco. "The Clique of Nations" is the name that has been given to it by the Labor paper, the Herald, which is now a daily. The general view in the Labor party is that it is worse than nothing for, instead of being a genuine international organization, it is more like a modern version of the Holy Alliance—a hegemony of the five great Allied powers. No section of opinion shows any enthusiasm for it. Some people in America seem to think that the League is a British device for controlling the world. They are much mistaken. President Wilson's proposal for a League of Nations was enthusiastically received here because it was believed that it would be a genuine international organization limiting the power of the stronger nations and strengthening the weaker. It was hoped that it would lead to general disarmament, without which it is impossible to prevent wars. Public opinion, which had formed such high hopes, is proportionately disappointed at the miserable substitute offered to it. And I am bound to say that it is also profoundly disappointed that President Wilson has not been able to achieve more. It is to be feared that he came to Europe without any definite scheme of his own. In any case he seems to have yielded to pressure not only in regard to the League of Nations, but also on other points.

For, if report be true, some of the peace conditions contemplated by the Conference are in flagrant contradiction with the Fourteen Points.

The pressure has not come from the British Government. Mr. Lloyd George is far too acute a judge of public opinion here not to desire a really democratic peace. He knows that discontent with the Peace Conference is one of the causes of the industrial unrest. Indeed, if a general strike on economic grounds is averted it is quite possible that there will be one as a protest against the peace conditions, if they are what they are expected to be. The reactionary influences at the Peace Conference are, I am sorry to say, the French and Italian delegates. It is they who are aimed at in M. Gauvain's article that I have just quoted, for it is they who have wasted the time of the Conference in disputes about strips of territory, and who are opposed to disarmament and a genuine international organization. They are still at the Congress of Vienna. I should be sorry to think that they really represent the French and Italian peoples, but there can be no doubt about their attitude. It is the French Government too that has prevented any sane policy—or indeed any policy at all—in regard to Russia. The most violent and uncompromising opposition to the Russian Revolution comes from the official representatives of the country of the Revolution.

Unless the Peace Conference mends its ways the outlook in Europe is a dark one. I am sure that M. Gauvain is right in saying that the people care nothing about territorial acquisitions and strategic frontiers. They want peace and a new start. At any rate that is the feeling here. Nobody cares any more about the German colonies, or about punishing the Kaiser, or about making Germany pay. The English people demand peace conditions which will make an army of occupation unnecessary, and if it does not get them there will be trouble.

Meanwhile the makeshift League of Nations has been unfavorably received by the small Allied powers and the neutral countries. In Belgium in particular its constitution is deeply resented. Belgium is economically and commercially a more important country than Italy, and it feels that it has been scurvily treated after the terrible sacrifices that it has made. Those sacrifices were made in the cause of liberty and democracy, not to secure the domination of the world by a clique of five powers. The whole question must be reconsidered and it may be better, after all, if the present scheme for a League of Nations is not incorporated in the preliminary treaty of peace. For it cannot be final and it has not the support of the peoples of Europe.

ROBERT DELL.

THE DIAL

GEORGE DONLIN

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, *Editor*

CLARENCE BRITTEN

In Charge of the Reconstruction Program:

JOHN DEWEY

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

HELEN MAROT

THE MEMORANDUM OF THE ALLIED GOVERNMENTS transmitted to the German Government November 5, 1918, by President Wilson, which formed the basis of the Armistice, affirmed the willingness of the Allies and the United States to make peace on the basis of the fourteen points promulgated by the President January 8, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses. It further expressly defined the compensation to be made by Germany, and limited the liability to damage done to the civilian population of the Allies by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air. Scarcely had the ink of the signatures dried when this provision was cast aside by Mr. Lloyd George in his election appeal on the basis of making Germany pay the entire cost of the war, and on this platform England gave him a huge majority in the new Parliament. England's repudiation of this explicit provision of the Armistice gave the cry to France and Italy. In the months that have followed, what has transpired of the deliberations of the Peace Conference has had no reference to the agreement made through President Wilson: the whole discussion has turned on what Germany can pay. Now that the sum has been fixed approximately, and it appears that it is far smaller than was implied in the promises of the Allied Governments to their people, there is still no mention of its distribution according to the principle laid down in the Armistice. On the contrary, Mr. Lloyd George has reaffirmed to Parliament his pre-election promises, and the latest forecast of the apportionment gives to England a third of what is now everywhere referred to as the German indemnity. Whether the amount paid by Germany is sufficient or not to cover damage done to the civilian population and their property, the Allies have made a scrap of paper of their engagement.

This is not the most serious infraction of the terms of the Armistice. The most immediately important of the fourteen points are those having to do with territorial arrangements, and here again the discussions of the Conference have inevitably led to the belief that the Allies would not be bound by their promises. The proposed arrangements in regard to the Saar Valley and the left bank of the Rhine are in implicit contravention of the eighth point, as that in regard to Danzig is of the thirteenth. Still further, the Armistice set definite boundaries to military

occupation by the Allied forces. The breaking of those boundaries in Hungary was the immediate cause of the overthrow of Count Karolyi's Government. The ninth point states that "a readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality." The Armistice allowed the temporary occupation of German territory by Italian forces, with the result described by the *Neue Züricher Zeitung*, February 28, 1919, as follows:

The Italians are continuing their policy of forcibly annexing German South Tyrol and thus confronting the Paris Peace Conference with a *fait accompli*. In contrast to the army of occupation in Germany, which did not prevent the population [with the exception of Alsace-Lorraine] from voting for the German National Assembly, the Italians prohibited the inhabitants of German South Tyrol from taking part in the national Austrian elections. Recently the German communes were visited by commissions of Italian officers who induced people who do not understand a word of Italian to sign statements expressing satisfaction with the Italian occupation. As the inhabitants do not know what they are signing, they are told that the statements submitted to them are receipts for food about to be distributed. Anyone of the native officials who refuses to sign is denounced to his community as opposing the distribution of food supplies. In Meran the teaching of Italian in the schools has already been made obligatory. History is now being taught according to Italian books. It is also significant that General Amante has given orders to Italianize the names of all railway stations in the German section of South Tyrol.

It is superfluous to point out that a League of Nations which should set out by guaranteeing political arrangements brought about by such methods would be merely a form of capitalizing dishonor and validating a lie.

ALL THAT HAS TRANSPIRED OF THE PROCEEDINGS of the Peace Conference since the Covenant of the League of Nations was presented to the world on February 14 tends to weaken confidence in the good faith of the parties thereto. On the one hand the United States has insisted on the addition of a clause making exclusive reservation in regard to that hoary fetish, the Monroe Doctrine, a reservation conducing only to selfish interest and vulgar prestige. On the other, the claim of Japan for the recognition of equality of her citizenship with that of other nations has been summarily rejected. Both the freedom of the Western Hemisphere from European aggression

and the adjustment of immigration according to mutual interest are matters which should be left to the operation of the League of Nations if any confidence whatever is to be placed in that organization. Faith and good will are the basis of such an organization. Where are they? But the most serious lack of faith in the League on the part of its proponents is shown in their failure to make use of it as a means toward peace and reconciliation. The exclusion of Germany, or her admission by an extorted acceptance of the principles of the Covenant, is fatal alike to the conception of the League as proposed and fought for, and to its working under the present forces in control. Still the question insistently demands answer: Can those forces make peace for the world? That the treaty may be signed, the Covenant adopted, and the machinery of the League set up constitute no answer to that question. These things may prove only more clearly the impotence of existing governments to give an affirmative answer. More and more clearly it appears that a condition precedent to a true peace is a change in those governments themselves. As the Russian Revolution, by eliminating one set of nationalistic interests, made the first simplification in the problem, so now it appears that the next steps are revolution in Italy, in France, in England—wherever selfish imperialism blocks the path of progress toward world peace. To quote Mr. J. A. Hobson: "If the workers within each nation cannot capture their state and through their state the new international arrangement, League of Nations or whatever it may be called, they will be helpless in the hands of their rulers and their capitalists." Even so the League has its temporary function and value. The fact that it is not a peoples' league, merely an arrangement whereby governments are impeded in making war, is a cynical recognition of the fact that it is not the people who need such restraint, for it is not they who make war. But if the League is to be the constructive instrument of righting the monstrous wrongs of the world, if it is to be the beginning of a genuine society of nations, it must be under the control of men who possess a common ground of understanding other than participation in loot, a basis of mutual trust other than the honor among thieves.

AN INSTANCE OF THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF NATIONAL repentance is the attitude of the American people toward the lynching of Negroes. That the country feels a certain shame is clear. The news of such outrages is now largely suppressed. Even the press forgoes the profit of playing upon its readers' appetite for atrocities, and when the *Liberator* published the accounts of certain peculiarly hideous mob crimes it was roundly denounced for lack of patriotism. In the case of the massacre of East Saint Louis, after a brief spasm of horror the country averted its face. The trials were perfunctory. The

responsibility of the executive of the state, and of the military authorities under whose very eyes murder with fiendish tortures took place, was not pressed. When the report of the Congressional committee of investigation was received a motion was made that it be not printed, on the ground of its lack of importance, and though this motion failed to pass the report was virtually suppressed. The public printer replies to inquiries that he has no copies for distribution. This impulse toward concealment shows that we are as a nation under conviction of sin, but there are few signs of remorse. An effort to arouse the public conscience on this matter and to initiate works meet for repentance will be made by a National Conference on Lynching to be held in New York City May 5 and 6, "to take concerted action against lynching and lawlessness wherever found, and to consider what measures should be adopted to abate them."

THE WORDS OF THE CALL ABOVE QUOTED CONTAIN an oblique reference to the fact that lynching is no longer a purely race problem—nor is it always a matter of reprobation and shame. On the contrary, as an expression of patriotic sentiment it has been recognized as part of our moral life, and associated with our best efforts toward the progress of the world. It is invoked under the sanction of patriotic societies, military authorities, and sponsors for the Victory Loan. The chief propagandist for the Security League still boasts of his attempt as agent provocateur before an audience in a Western university. The press has repeatedly borne witness to the crimes of violence committed by men in uniform against persons exercising the right of lawful assembly, but whereas our courts martial have been active in grinding out sentences to death and life imprisonment against men who have failed in some minor observance of military law, we have yet to hear of a case where a soldier has been punished for attacking the institutions of democracy which he was drafted to defend—except the men who rioted at Houston, who were black, and who were hanged. An instance of the attitude of the army toward mob law is shown by the petition of soldiers of the 27th division to General O'Ryan threatening violence unless the entirely lawful performance of opera in German were prevented by "organized action." Apparently the threat was regarded as so natural as to attract no comment or rebuke. An organ which claims to represent the returned soldiers is Arthur Guy Empey's *Treat 'Em Rough*, whose eminent services are enlisted in behalf of the Victory Loan. In the March issue Mr. Empey advises the men who were in the trenches when he was on the lecture platform as follows:

The Fifth Liberty Loan drive will soon be here. Make a Bolshevik or an "I. W. W." buy one of those bonds, and believe me, from that time on that fellow is going to

support Uncle Sam, and, if necessary, fight for him. If you cannot, after very patient endeavor, sell him, then show him what it means to get a good Yankee wallop in the nose.

And again in April, referring to Socialists:

This speaker, instead of being arrested and given a chance to gain his freedom by putting up as bail a few paltry dollars, thus being enabled to further spread his treason, should be executed by a firing squad composed of men in uniform. The staff of this magazine—and some of us are pretty good shots—would be only too willing to volunteer for such a firing squad, and I know that every true-thinking soldier, sailor, or marine would do the same.

The national and local authorities which are interested in preventing the spread of Bolshevism might consider whether the restraint of those patriots who invoke mob violence to suppress free speech and opinion might conduce to this end.

THE UTTERANCES OF MEN LIKE THE REVEREND Charles A. Eaton, McNutt McElroy, and Arthur Guy Empey may be discounted as part of the ritual of violence which their professional employments make necessary. In the same way the utterances on which the I. W. W. leaders were convicted in Chicago and elsewhere are part of a ritual of sabotage, which had no more reference to the question of the country at war than the ritual language of Christians with their Golden Rule and Sermon on the Mount had to the same situation. Far more serious is the resort of the local authorities, whose professional function is to keep the peace, to open provocation and violence. The facts of the behavior of the police at Lawrence are suppressed in the news columns of the press, but have been made known by communications from Mrs. Glendower Evans and others who were eyewitnesses of brutal assaults made by the protectors of society against strikers who were striving to preserve a peaceful attitude. Of these assaults, both on the public street and behind prison walls, there is no shadow of doubt, yet no official cognizance is taken, no charge is brought, and the reign of law continues. The Governor of Massachusetts looks on Lawrence as the Governor of Illinois on East Saint Louis, and, like Gallio, they care for none of these things.

THE CULTURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY was largely historical. Its authors of epic scope were historians—Carlyle, Macaulay, Grote, Napier, Kinglake, to mention no others. Drama, fiction, poetry, when devoted to high and serious ends, took their material from history. The trust in history as a guide to life was reiterated in definitions: "History is philosophy teaching by experience," and the like. With the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, the intellectual life took a new turn. The scientific replaced the historical method—even his-

tory itself became a matter of evaluating human testimony. The geological record reduced the period of history to a brief moment in the life of man. Biology became the background of human thought—drama, fiction, poetry in serious moods reflected it. Modern psychology and sociology were born. Only in politics has the historical background and method persisted with undiminished authority. Only there has the obsession lingered that historical study and precedent will serve as infallible guides. But the events of the last years have given a rude shock to the belief that men and nations learn anything from recorded experience. The record itself, when subject to political use, becomes distorted beyond the semblance of truth. If there is one lesson that stands out today it is the failure of history to teach, or men's perverse incapacity to profit by its teaching. The failure of empires of the past had no message for modern imperialists; the economic teachings of war had none for modern capitalists; the disillusionments of peace congresses have none for modern diplomats. Apparently in national and international organization nations are thrown back on the trial and error method. They are becoming laboratories in which nature must be read in the language of experiment—mortars in which human material is brayed and broken, to be purified in the process of disintegration, and the residue fused and welded to new forms and uses by fervent heat. Of the nations which submit themselves boldly to experiment Russia is the type; of those that trust to the biased textbooks of their past the United States is the chief. No country, unless it is China, is so proud of its past, so confident in the wisdom of the fathers, so unconscious of the vital phenomena of the modern world. The contrast is reflected in the masterpieces of Lenin and Wilson. The proletarian state is an experiment; the League of Nations is being rapidly reduced to the application of a historical formula.

IMMANUEL KANT ONCE WROTE A SKETCH, A century and a quarter ago, on *Perpetual Peace*. He prefaced it with a jest, as tasteless as it was clumsy, to say that the running title under which he wrote—*Zum ewigen Frieden*, that is to say, *The House of Peace Everlasting*—was borrowed from the signboard of a certain roadside tavern adjoining a certain ancient churchyard. Compounded of bar-room and graveyard, this wise man's jest will to many readers doubtless have seemed as pointless as it is tasteless. But that will be true only of those readers of Kant who have not had the inestimable fortune to live through these days of returning peace and to witness the maudlin deliberations of that conclave of elder statesmen who are now arranging to make the world safe for the vested rights of international dissension. The point of Kant's jest is plain now. Today his readers are in a position to marvel that even that wise old man should have been so wise as all that. It is quite uncanny.

Communications

WITHDRAW FROM RUSSIA

SIR: It seems to me that no day should pass without dignified but persistent agitation of the following points:

Why are we fighting the political majority of the Russian people? Have not wives, mothers, and fathers, as well as the soldiers themselves, a right to know for what reason American boys are giving their lives or being wounded in a foreign country? Is it right or just for men to be conscripted to kill people with whom they are not at war? Why was there no answer to the note from the Russian Soviet Government to President Wilson asking for an explanation of our conduct and a statement of what amounts to our "war aims"? Should not soldiers wounded now in Russia be able to claim damages for being forced to fight against a people with whom we are not at war? Has there not been enough agony and bloodshed in a just cause against Prussianism and militarism, without agony and bloodshed in an unjust cause? Or have we been contaminated into taking up Hohenzollern methods against the Russians?

We are told in recent reports from Paris that we are to keep troops in Russia to give "moral support" to certain approved but fluctuating governments against the immoralities and illegalities of the Bolsheviks. But let us look to our own morals, our own doings, our own laws in America, before we undertake by force to improve another people. We are persecuting political offenders in a way to recall darkest Czarism. Our state prisons are abominations, medieval in their tortures. Unless we quickly relieve and remedy these and other evils, we must expect among our own people revolt and even Bolshevism. The greater the tyranny the more extreme the revolt. Russia and Germany are a lesson to the whole world. Kerensky's moderation was not supported by the Allies. Bolshevism followed. Czaristic Russia and tyrannical, imperialistic Germany forced the people to revolt. Two years ago could you have persuaded anyone that revolt of the people of these imperialistic countries would have been so sudden and complete and successful? Let imperialistic conservatives of England bear in mind their decisions at the Peace Conference. The British Labor Party was seemingly defeated at the polls but is strong and on the alert. Let imperialistic conservatives in America as well take heed, because the more oppressive and tyrannical they become, as in the Mooney case, the more sudden and violent the deluge.

I am proud to be an American these days, proud that we are represented by the only man who is speaking clearly in the cause of democracy at the Peace Conference, demanding honest treatment for all people as well as for the people he represents. President Wilson originally raised a voice against

the Russian invasion. But his own party, as well as the Republicans and Allies, silenced that voice. His vision of what would happen has come true, and time has divulged the contradictory unjustness of our invasion. Our way of conferring "self-determination" is to kill.

I appeal to you who have stood out against the invasion of Russia, and urge you to even greater effort.

And I appeal to all liberals to make themselves heard at this crucial time.

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD.

New York City.

MILITARY TRAINING AS EDUCATION

SIR: In your issue of January 25 appears a very interesting contribution by George Soule on the educational value of military training. His argument is interesting and instructive, and doubtless many thousands of serious men have felt the same things in the last two years, but few could express these ideas so definitely and in so few words. My aim in writing is to present the other side of the question in part, and to explain some features of military training that have educational value. Mr. Soule has chosen the weak points, and I say candidly I am sure the points he makes must be reckoned with. It is a problem to be worked out by pedagogical experts. It has often appeared to the writer, a mere civilian in uniform, that military methods are too conservative, and the chiefs, those in high command, are rather "inhospitable to new ideas." The American public, the American Congress, those in high military command, and the horde of under-chiefs should candidly admit that the machine and the methods are not perfect, and set about to take counsel to improve them. Army officials must take the thinking public into their confidence.

The question of military training is fundamentally a question of education. Since the problem of universal military training is imminent, the most imminent question for citizens, fathers, and mothers is what ideals, what methods shall control the training. No counsel or advice or suggestion from any source should be refused or ignored by law-makers and military leaders to insure not only effective military training, but valuable habits and useful information available in civil pursuits. To achieve this end, it occurs to me that Congress or the War Department should raise a commission, composed of one military official, one university man, one high school teacher or superintendent, one business man, and one professional man, to call for suggestions from officers and enlisted men demobilized from service to study the whole question of training and discipline in the army from a patriotic and pedagogical viewpoint; and to report conclusions and recommendations to Congress and the War Department. There is no mystery or esoteric force

enshrouding and obscuring military questions. Methods and ideals that succeed in efficient industries may be applied advantageously to army training and discipline. Since universal training takes the entire citizenry into direct contact with the army, military leaders must consent to take counsel of and with civilians. Since the military establishment is to be broadened numerically and financially, its high command must admit the possibility of improvement by adopting suggestions from "partially initiated civilians." There is a reason for the archaic, non-progressive methods of which Mr. Soule complains. The American public has never taken any interest in the army except in time of war, and then there was no time to consider and devise improvements. In peace times the army has been considered and treated as a thing apart from our chief national interests. Before our entry into the world war, millions of Americans never saw a soldier. Further, military leaders were not educators. Officers came from the ranks or from West Point, but in both cases the previous training was solely to make soldiers. Years of military discipline do not encourage originality or develop the habit of mind of seeking out improvements, but instill a disposition to accept existing conditions and to acquiesce in prevailing ideas, ideals, and methods. Furthermore, military power is one-man power. The commander neither asks nor accepts suggestions from inferiors. As it is impossible for one man to know all things, the chief who does not take counsel of others is shut off from the greatest source of information and enlightenment. Hence the necessity of some such commission as suggested.

JOHN J. MCSWAIN,
Captain, Infantry.

Camp Morrison, Va.

THE GERMAN INDEMNITY

SIR: In regard to Mr. Codman's article *How to Secure the German Indemnity*, it is inconceivable after taking all facts into consideration just how this indemnity can ever be paid. From a standpoint of state socialism Mr. Codman's plan appears sound, sane, and practical; but conditions have so changed as to make this extremely doubtful if not altogether unthinkable. The law of economic determinism is entirely ignored, also human nature. When a man lies awake nights thinking and scheming, and chases dollars all day to amass a fortune, he is not going to give it up without a fight. On the other hand if the people were given their economic freedom, as a man might have a fortune dropped into his lap, would they appreciate its value, and would they hold it? There is an old saying that anything that comes easy goes easy. That is true to human nature. Even if Mr. Codman's plan were feasible and put into practice, there would be an unceasing opposition, and it would not be long before those who so desired would have no fear or

hesitancy of inaugurating a scheme to exact tribute from others.

Mr. Codman is apparently not informed as to Germany's present financial condition. Dr. Rudolf, one of the editors of *Freiheit*, the organ of the Independent Socialists of Germany states that:

Today Germany is hopelessly bankrupt. . . . Germany's national total debt is 170,000,000,000 marks. Add to this total, debts of the states, cities, and communities—50,000,000,000 marks; and add further 20,000,000,000 for the uncovered paper money in circulation. Besides, Germany's running expenses today are 4,000,000,000 marks a month, say another 50,000,000,000 a year, making a grand total of obligations of nearly 300,000,000,000 marks (approximately \$75,000,000,000 under the normal rate of exchange). This is more than the national wealth today, and this without paying a penny of indemnity or including present necessary payments for food and raw materials.

In the face of this could the German people be expected to pay an indemnity and at the same time pay off their own national debt, as well as the necessary payments for food and raw materials in a "remarkably short time," even though the wealth-owning classes were deprived of everything except title to their holdings, by being forced to pay over the full rental value for the right of ownership which the Allies would have to exact through force? Will the German working classes voluntarily place themselves in virtual bondage for generations to come to pay off the moral debts of the Junkers? Mr. Codman apparently takes this for granted in saying that "sentimentally, it would make little difference to the factory hands, the peasants, to the tenant farmers," to whom they paid their tribute. (The owners of capital and employers never have and never will pay any tribute.) Another misjudgment of human nature. He forgets that the working classes are fast becoming class conscious, which means that they are finding out that the interests of any person, organization, or institution that exploits them are diametrically opposed to their own.

Assuming that the Germans could pay the indemnity under Mr. Codman's plan, would the propertied classes give up private ownership of the natural resources when technically they would not be required to do so?

If Germany must have foreign markets to dispose of her surplus production, the Allied nations must also have them to dispose of their surplus production, more especially so if the Allies were producing as abundantly as the Germans would be. These markets are now and always have been the competitive markets of the world, and with nations competing for them, there is bound to be a war at some time or other.

Mr. Codman also proposes that the Allied governments practice the same methods at home as he thinks they should practice on the Germans. Would any of the Allied governments do this? No. Where did he get such a funny idea?

A. L. BIGLER.

Norfolk, Virginia.

Notes on New Books

CIVILIZATION. By Georges Duhamel. Century.

Certain modern painters have tried to suggest the power and influence of machines on our present-day life: it is "those machines of yours that used to amuse me once, when I knew nothing, but that now fill me with horror, because they are the very soul of this war, the principle and reason of this war!" that cause Georges Duhamel to write with fury little stories of his experiences as a surgeon with the French army. He sees the battlefield as a vast "brazier," the front line as a "workshop of trituration and destruction," the automobile ambulance as the first "repair shop," in which "skilful workmen" hurriedly patch human bits of the military machine. Field hospitals are "flesh-factories," whose wheels revolve on themselves when there is insufficient material to gorge them. The heart of the hospital is the monstrous sterilizing autoclave, "raised up like a monarch on a sort of throne." The worst of it is that "civilization's reply to itself, the correction it was giving to its own destructive eruptions, all this complexity to efface a little of the harm engendered by the age of machines," seems to be simply the pincers, the delicate knives, the microscopes, and the autoclaves of the hospital. No wonder Duhamel cries out: "I hate the twentieth century as I hate rotten Europe and the whole world on which this wretched Europe is spread out like a great spot of axle grease." And yet: "Civilization! the true Civilization—I often think of it. It is like a choir of harmonious voices chanting a hymn in my heart, it is a marble statue on a barren hill, it is a man saying, 'Love one another!' and 'Return good for evil!'" And if civilization "is not in the heart of man, well, it's nowhere." And it is the heart of man suffering from terrible wounds, or oppressed by living with corpses, which he shows us in these sickening side-wing sketches of war. They are good little stories, not always so well written as one would expect (is that the translator's fault?) but illumined by an irony, a weary humor, and a disillusioned martyr-spirit characteristic of the French litterateurs of Duhamel's generation. One is tempted to say that Duhamel in this book is the Oliver Jeannin of Jean-Christophe gone to war.

THE POWER OF DANTE. By Charles Hall Grandgent. Marshall Jones; Boston.

As someone has said, "there are books and books," and of these the *Divina Commedia* is the second that is always able to give sustenance of some sort to every type of mind. Dante speaks with a certainty that catches the sympathetic reader at once and makes him feel that he is on a firm ground of belief. The reasons for this power that Dante has over even the modern efficiency expert—who is supposed to be otherwise occupied than with the vaporings of

a centuries dead mystic—Mr. Grandgent has well set forth in these Lowell Lectures. He shows us the poet's faith, its reality and working force; his morality, stern in its logic but lightened with pity for the frailties of the flesh; his uncompromising, honest, scholarly, and courteous temperament; the varied course of his life and the wanton injustice done him by his beloved Florence; his vision of the meaning of life and the allegory of Man, so much truer than the silly symbols of some more recent seers; his keenness of conception, realistic in its detail; and his workmanship and diction, which, grievous to relate, were the result of a classical education. These lectures cannot be enjoyed to the full without a fairly complete acquaintance with the poem, an acquaintance which possibly a Lowell Lecturer alone has a right to expect; but if they send the reader to attempt the great journey with Dante as guide they will have added to the sum-total of human joy. Among the pleasantest features of the book are the many graceful and scholarly translations by Mr. Grandgent in Dante's own meter. It makes one hope that Mr. Grandgent will some day give us that long-awaited perfect translation of the *Divina Commedia* which will unite accuracy and real poetry in the English.

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE SATURDAY CLUB (1855-1870). By Edward Waldo Emerson. Houghton Mifflin; Boston.

THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB. By William Henry Shelton. Houghton Mifflin; Boston.

The Golden Age of the Saturday Club has been recorded with pious fulness by Edward Waldo Emerson, with the help of Bliss Perry, who wrote nine personal sketches, and of four other contributors, who together wrote five. The differences among the contributors are enough to make the sketches vary perceptibly in quality, from Professor Perry's accomplished grace to Dr. Emerson's authoritative pomp. The sketches of Emerson, Lowell, and other bewritten persons naturally contain little if anything that is new, but in emphasizing the clubable traits of these celebrities they are an essential part of the scheme. More valuable however are the sketches of the underlings, such as Edwin Percy Whipple (whose centenary is being observed somewhat casually this year), now for the first time the subject of a full-length portrait, and Horatio Woodman, an interesting farmer from New Hampshire with a large appetite for genius. When formed, the Saturday Club included fourteen men: Emerson, Lowell, Agassiz, Peirce, Dana, Dwight, Hoar, Motley, Ward, Whipple, Woodman, Holmes, Longfellow, and Felton—"four poets, one historian, one essayist, one biologist and geologist, one mathematician and astronomer, one classical scholar, one musical critic, one judge, two lawyers, and one banker." Of those who were

ECONOMIC PRIZES

SIXTEENTH YEAR

In order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate those who have a college training to consider the problems of a business career, a committee composed of

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman
Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University
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Hon. Theodore E. Burton, New York City, and
Professor Edwin F. Gay, Harvard University

has been enabled, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago, to offer in 1920 four prizes for the best studies in the economic field.

In addition to the subjects printed below, we will send on request a list of available subjects proposed in past years. Attention is expressly called to the rule that a competitor is not confined to topics proposed in the announcements of this committee, but any other subject chosen must first be approved by it.

1. On what economic basis can a League of Nations be permanently established?
2. The Future of the Food Supply.
3. A study of the means and results of economic control by the Allies during the European War.
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5. The effect of price-fixing in the United States on the competitive system.
6. A study of the effects of paper money issues during the European War.

Class B includes only those who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. Class A includes any other Americans without restriction; the possession of a degree is not required of any contestant in this class, nor is any age limit set.

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are offered to contestants in Class B. The committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of \$1,000 and \$500 of Class A to undergraduates in Class B, if the merits of the papers demand it. The committee also reserves the privilege of dividing the prizes offered, if justice can be best obtained thereby. The winner of a prize shall not receive the amount designated until he has prepared his manuscript for the printer to the satisfaction of the committee.

The ownership of the copyright of successful studies will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English, and although not limited as to length, they should not be needlessly expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the class in which they are presented, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor. No paper is eligible which shall have been printed or published in a form to disclose the identity of the author before the award shall have been made. If the competitor is in CLASS B, the sealed envelope should contain the name of the institution in which he is studying. The papers should be sent on or before June 1, 1920, to

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admitted later perhaps the best known are Prescott, Whittier, Norton, Sumner, and Charles Francis Adams. At first the club was often referred to by outsiders as "Agassiz's Club." Louis Agassiz, the expansive, cultivated French-Swiss who loved his work in America too much to respond to the French Emperor's offer of a chair in the Museum of Natural History at Paris, was fortunately one of the ruling spirits. He helped to keep the club from being the group of well-behaved literary Brahmins that too many of us are accustomed to regard it. At "Parker's," opposite the City Hall, where the statue of Franklin bade them beware of provincialism, these good gentlemen ate from three to nine; and imbibed (discreetly) sherry, sauterne, and claret; and talked with a degree of wisdom and brilliance since then probably unequaled in the Western Hemisphere. Every serious student of American life and letters will need to know this book. It is printed and bound perfectly.

Dr. Emerson's record runs to 1871: William Henry Shelton's record of the Salmagundi Club begins with its inception in that year and runs to the present. The difference between the Boston and the New York of 1871 is roughly symbolized by these two famous clubs: the one dominantly literary on a Puritan foundation, the other artistic with the simple ideals of the painter. Salmagundi grew out of "a group of art students who formed a sketch class for mutual improvement," and prospered in the same current of progress that is associated with the old Scribner's Monthly (later the Century Magazine), for which they drew. For many years the members gave annual exhibitions of black-and-white drawings; a large number of these early sketches are admirably reproduced in the present book. Not to mention several "laymen," the original members were F. S. Church, Will Low, Fred Vance, the Harleys, W. H. Shelton, Alfred E. Emslie, and J. P. Andrews. In 1887, the last exhibition year, the club gave up its character as a group of sketchers and became frankly social. Recognizing the restricted interest in a record of this kind, the publishers have printed a limited edition. Like the Saturday Club, it is an exceptionally beautiful book.

GOVERNMENT AND THE WAR. By Spenser Wilkinson. McBride.

For those to whom the inevitability of war is a foregone conclusion this volume of essays by the Chichele professor of Military History at Oxford will prove very acceptable reading, presenting as it does every essential argument to prove that the development of human societies and the progress of civilization has been attended and even conditioned by warfare. According to Professor Wilkinson, war is an unavoidable Fact of Government and the State—a view of the "realists" in politics from Machiavelli to Bernhardt. A view, one might add, that seems to be falling into considerable disfavor

among those classes of the people who hitherto have been expected meekly to bear the brunt of this "Fact." Spenser Wilkinson, however, is very far from being a mere zealot or enthusiast in the cause of militarism. Despite his quarrel with Norman Angell (touched on in the essay *What is Peace?*) an impartial reader cannot but see the force and logic of many of the author's contentions: the whole trouble is seen to rest in the old-fashioned conception of the State as in some sort an entity, not to be in any way modified or tampered with by those cosmopolitan and international influences at present operating in the world. Thus, the major premise being discredited, or at least very seriously questionable, the whole fabric of Mr. Wilkinson's militaristic politics crumbles. The book is of interest as showing how well a certain element of the English public assimilated the ideas of the Prussian philosophy they had vowed utterly to destroy.

THE VALLEY OF VISION. By Henry Van Dyke. Scribner.

THE VALLEY OF VISION. By Sarah Comstock. Doubleday, Page.

Despite a common title, a common cost, and a common humanity, there are numerous points of divergence in these two books; the coincidence has no literary significance. Dr. Van Dyke has assembled a series of sketches and short stories, most of them with the war as background, whereas Miss Comstock unburdens herself of a novel which ends two years before the war begins. A trivial distinction of the literal-minded, no doubt; but note the closing lines of the novel:

It was then the summer of 1912.

She went on packing. She was brisk. . . .

"I can see," she mused, following some dim train of thought, "how it must be—how war must come as a godsend to a man—or woman—at certain times—"

And the old Psychologist smiled less cynically than before upon Marcia Warren—almost kindly, in fact, as if wanting to tell her that 1914 was but two years away.

In style—to continue the parallel—Miss Comstock is like the gilt on a picture frame, obliterating the wood; while the effect with Dr. Van Dyke is more like that of varnish—it is smooth, rather glossy, and occasionally brings out the beauty of the grain. Doubtless Dr. Van Dyke reacted deeply and authentically to the emotional experiences of war, and without question his vantage post for observation was far superior to that of most of those who have committed their thoughts to books; yet one turns the excellently printed and faintly amber pages feeling that here are good intentions run into lean literature. Either a temperamental inability to let himself go, or perhaps a conscious curbing of the pen, has resulted in a product too correct and too impersonal to kindle the spark of enthusiasm. When Dr. Van Dyke unbends, it is with an audible professorial creak. If he seeks to transcribe the slangy discourse of college men he jumbles the obsolete and

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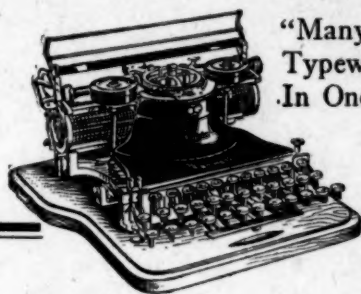
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the current jargon in an orderly fashion which belies the uninitiate. When he approaches the white heat of creative writing, he sacrifices its finer fever to avoid its minor flaws. It is difficult to be patient with such repeated lapses into schoolmaster condescension as: "Well, I must tell you more about that, else you can never feel the meaning of this story;" or, "Is this the end of the story? Who can say?" There are times when the helping hand is best withheld.

Miss Comstock's claim to *The Valley of Vision* would hardly hold in a court of literary equity. Her novel is an interesting sample of manufactured atmosphere, done with a fretwork of Ellen Key and an embroidered smartness which attains such heights as: "She read William James till midnight—she always spoke of him disrespectfully as her spiritual hot toddy." Miss Comstock's story is itself not unlike spiritual cold slaw.

DOMUS DOLORIS. By W. Compton Leith. Lane.

If the droning prose of Compton Leith causes the reader to revive the old discussion of style and matter, he will probably head precipitately for the camp of those who maintain that what you say is far more important than the way you say it. He will reflect that the more you divorce thought from style the more sensuous the latter becomes, and that the senses sate themselves far sooner than the intellect. He will remember too that to write prose more than feebly suggestive of Pater necessitates as rich and developed an attitude towards life as the master himself had. And always he will note, as he follows the inane meditations of this present-day Polonius, that one may have the politest of manners and still be a deadening bore.

THE GILDED MAN. By Clifford Smyth. Boni and Liveright.

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the ancient echoes of that El Dorado, the search for which is in part the motive force of the present romance. With its color and suspense and action, *The Gilded Man* will appeal especially to those who prize a novel in proportion to their inability to lay it down.

Books of the Fortnight

The following list comprises *THE DIAL's* selection of books recommended among the publications received during the last two weeks:

The Way to Victory. By Philip Gibbs. 12mo, 676 pages. 2 vols. George H. Doran Co.

Forty Days in 1914. By Major-General Sir F. Maurice. 8vo, 213 pages. George H. Doran Co.

Authority in the Modern State. By Harold J. Laski. 8vo, 398 pages. Yale University Press. (New Haven).

Idealism and the Modern Age. By George Plimpton Adams. 8vo, 253 pages. Yale University Press. (New Haven).

The Forgotten Man, and Other Essays. By William Graham Sumner. Edited by Albert Galloway Keller. 8vo, 557 pages. Yale University Press. (New Haven).

The Lady. By Emily James Putnam. Illustrated, 12mo, 323 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A New Study of English Poetry. By Henry Newbolt. 8vo, 357 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Letters of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. 2 vols. 8vo, 600 pages. John Lane Co.

The Years Between. Verse. By Rudyard Kipling. 12mo, 153 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Arrow of Gold. A novel. By Joseph Conrad. 12mo, 385 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Jervaise Comedy. A novel. By J. D. Beresford. 12mo, 283 pages. Macmillan Co.

Midas and Son. A novel. By Stephen McKenna. 12mo, 418 pages. George H. Doran Co.

Blind Alley. A novel. By W. L. George. 12mo, 431 pages. Little Brown & Co.

Christopher and Columbus. A novel. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. Illustrated, 12mo, 435 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Twelve Men. Sketches. By Theodore Dreiser. 12mo, 360 pages. Boni & Liveright.

Blood and Sand. A novel. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Translated by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. 12mo, 356 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Two Banks of the Seine. A novel. By Fernand Vandérem. Translated by George Raffalovich. E. P. Dutton & Co.

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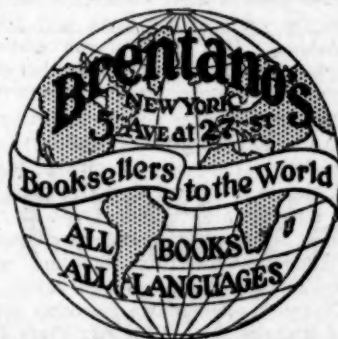
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Current News

The Alexander Kerr translation of *The Republic of Plato*, which M. C. Otto recommended in his communication in the previous issue of *THE DIAL*, was published by the Charles H. Kerr Co., Chicago.

It will be of interest to many inquirers that Frank Tannenbaum's article *The Moral Devastation of War*, as printed in *THE DIAL* of April 5, was read in manuscript to several officers and to 200 soldiers. They endorsed it and urged its publication. It was printed as it was read to them.

The Annual Convention of the American Booksellers' Association is to be held this year at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, May 13, 14, and 15. Mr. Hulings C. Brown, of Little, Brown and Co., chairman of the committee on arrangements, requests that booksellers planning to attend the convention communicate with him at 34 Beacon Street, Boston. As an advance souvenir of the convention, the Penn Publishing Co. (Philadelphia) is sending out, upon request, complimentary copies of a holiday edition of Robert Shackleton's *The Book of Boston*.

A two-act phantasy, *The Lost Pleiad*, by Jane Dransfield (James T. White) has made its tardy way into type after being first performed some eight years ago. Miss Dransfield has handled her blank verse without trepidation, and has succeeded in giving a really graceful setting to the ancient myth of the Pleiad who came to earth to marry the first King of Corinth. Disclaiming any intent to pattern after Greek models, she has reproduced the spirit of the myth in a somewhat modern fashion. Pert passages rub elbows with the poetic, but the effect is informal rather than displeasing.

The Gentleman Ranker and Other Plays, by the actor Leon Gordon (Four Seas; Boston), contains a stereotyped melodrama of the campaign against the German Colonies, a one-act detective play of some ingenuity written in collaboration with Charles King, and a short cockney farce well suited for amateur dramatics—all three bristling with the wooden tricks of the conventional actor. Emma Beatrice Brunner commands a smoother technique. In *Bits of Background in One Act Plays* (Knopf) she has written one very clever sketch, *Strangers*, and three others which do not carry so well solely because their themes are less intriguing.

To Christopher Morley one might easily apply the title of his recent book of light verse. He is the rocking horse among the younger American writers. In Shandygaff (Doubleday, Page) he lurched forward as a delightful enterprising essayist; in *The Rocking Horse* (Doran) he sidles back to a rather unsteady singing of the well-known joys of the suburban home-builder. He seems to feel that Joyce Kilmer's efforts in that field should be seconded, but it is a hard pasture in which to turn up

fresh earth. And by collecting these poems in a book he has lost the advantage they held as light magazine verse—that of coming in small doses and of contrast with the other subject matter.

Apparently Christian Internationalism, by William Pierson Merrill (Macmillan), is a course of war-sermons: possibly it is a series of essays with the accepted homiletical technique. The author is a typically American optimist of the pre-war type. He puts his faith in existing institutions, such as the League to Enforce Peace, the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, and the National Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War. He seems to feel that we already have a practically Christian nationalism—to which we have only to add a Christian internationalism.

Contributors

Bertrand Russell's more recent publications include *Political Ideals*, reviewed by Randolph Bourne in *THE DIAL* of January 17, 1918; *Mysticism and Logic*, which was treated by Edward Shanks in his London Letter to *THE DIAL* of April 25, 1918; and *Proposed Roads to Freedom*, reviewed by Will Durant in *THE DIAL* of April 5, 1919.

Flavio Venanzi is a research expert in economics and statistics, and a well-known Italian journalist and lecturer on political questions. He was associated for some years with *Il Proletario*, and has been a contributor to many other publications in Italy and America.

Sailendra Nath Ghose, M.Sc. (Calcutta) was formerly on the staff of the Calcutta University College of Science for Post-Graduate Studies. In 1916 he obtained the Sir T. N. Palit fellowship of the University of Calcutta at Harvard. Two days before he should have left India he was refused a passport on account of his interest in the movement for independence. He escaped to the United States in 1917. In 1918 he was arrested in New York and was kept in the Tombs for ten months on \$25,000 bail. He is now a political refugee in New York, in danger of deportation.

Charles Recht, a native of Bohemia, is a New York lawyer who has been especially active in the defense of civil liberties. He is the translator of a number of plays from the Czech, the Polish, and the German, and the author of numerous magazine articles on the drama, the history and culture of Bohemia, Central European politics, and American liberties in war time.

Cale Young Rice (Harvard, 1895) is a Kentuckian, a poet, a dramatist, and a traveler. His published works include some seventeen volumes of verse and poetic drama. *Wraiths and Realities* was reviewed in *THE DIAL* of June 20, 1918, and *Songs to A.H.R.* in the issue of December 14.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

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